

THE
HILL OF
ATHENA



H.H.
POWERS

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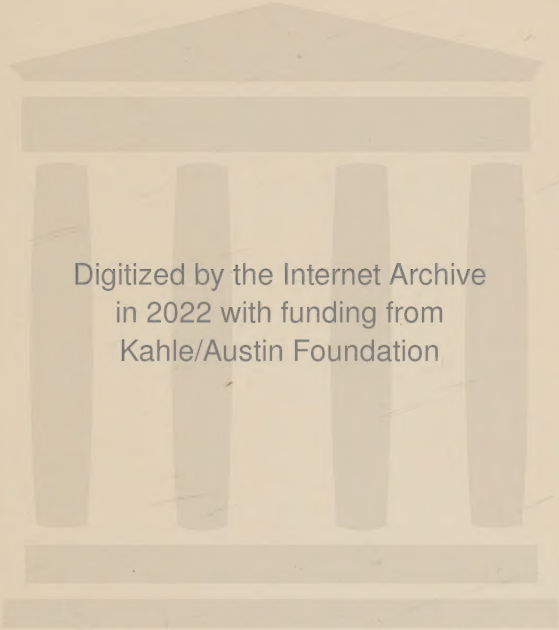
Allegheny College

WITHDRAWN

THE HILL OF ATHENA

BY
H. H. POWERS

THE ART OF FLORENCE
THE MESSAGE OF GREEK ART
THE THINGS MEN FIGHT FOR
AMERICA
AMONG THE NATIONS
AMERICA AND BRITAIN
THE GREAT PEACE
THE AMERICAN ERA
A FLORENTINE REVERY
THE HILL OF ATHENA
JAPAN (UNIVERSITY TRAVEL SERIES)
EGYPT (UNIVERSITY TRAVEL SERIES)



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THE HILL OF ATHENA

The Hill of Athena

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BY

H. H. POWERS

President of The Bureau of University Travel

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PREFACE

The purpose of this little book will be better accomplished if its limited scope is recognized. The history of Athens has long been the subject of devoted study and little is to be expected from another historic statement of the familiar facts. If we are not sufficiently conscious of the realities of Athenian life, it is not so much due to the lack of facts as it is to the inherent limitations of historic statement. We know, but we do not realize.

What is here attempted is a series of extremely sketchy word pictures of Athens at different important epochs in her history. The missing details, especially for the earlier sketches, have been freely borrowed from contemporary monuments of the same or related civilizations, from Mycenae and Tiryns and even from Crete. Doubtless these borrowed elements do not altogether fit. It is not certain that the ancient fortress on the Acropolis had a lion gate. But it is certain that it was contemporaneous with these ancient fortresses of the Argolid and that it resembled them in essential features. They are, therefore, our best guide in reconstructing the ancient citadel of Athens which has been so largely displaced by the constructions of later days.

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Similarly, the author offers no apology for his minor liberties with chronology and other elements of historic exactitude. Departures from historic literalism may be in the interest of essential truth. If the author has cared more for reality than for exactness, that essential truth has nowhere been consciously sacrificed.

PRELUDE

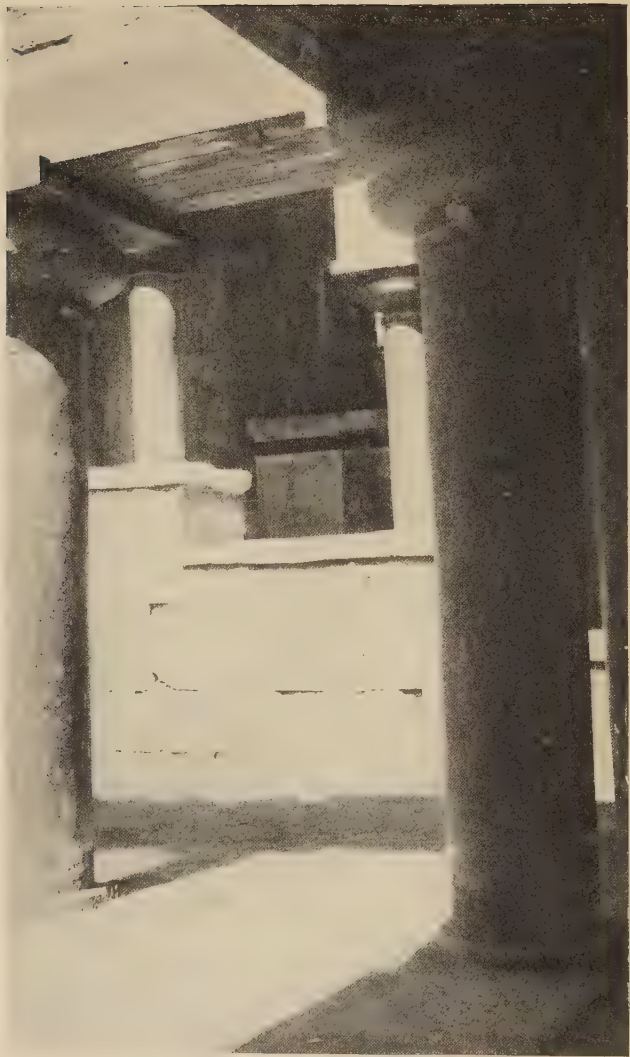
In the days when writing was not so easy as it is now and literary impulse found a wholesome check in the cost of materials, the scribe occasionally adopted strange expedients to economize the precious parchment. Manuscripts that had served their purpose or whose value had been forgotten were carefully erased and the recovered parchment used for the new purpose. The succession was not always a worthy one, as where the gospels or Homer gave place to some trivial composition, much after the manner of human events generally, and as befits the case, the old gave place but grudgingly, its ghostly presence still lingering in the place where it had been supplanted. Reinforced by the art of the restorer the palimpsest—for so we call it—reveals its secret to the keen eye of the scholar. The earlier record refuses to be effaced.

Our world is but a palimpsest on which the peoples have written their successive records, each appropriating the place made vacant by accident or design on the parchment that none might replace. And each in turn with anxious care has written or refashioned to his taste the record that another shall obliterate. Yet the obliteration has been half-

PRELUDE

hearted, often as not unwilling, and many an earlier record has left its trace, fragmentary and inadequate, but responsive to the scholar's magic. Little by little the ghostly peoples are conjured back from their shadows to reenact before our eyes the drama of their lives. Let us choose our seat discreetly and summon the centuries to appear before us in a series of dissolving views.

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APARTMENT IN A CRETAN PALACE
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CHAPTER I

It is a ruggedly beautiful land where our drama is to be staged. There are mountains that recede, billow on billow, into the dim distance and that wear with rare grace upon their vermilion-tinted sides their marvelous mantle of atmospheric color. There are bays and inlets that insinuate themselves far into the recesses of the mountains and whose blue shames the sky. And there are valleys where fitful rivers keep green the olives along their banks, and fields are docile under tillage, and goats and asses graze with man's permission. For though we have journeyed back into that twilight of the world when Abraham was just setting out from Ur of the Chaldees, man has been here a long time, oh, a very long time already. His dwellings are huddled together upon the hilltops which rise here and there above the surface of the valley, some barely lifting their rocky surface above the surrounding shallow soil, while others are almost mountains whose summits are reached only by a toilsome climb.

Our attention is drawn to one of these which, though neither the highest nor the largest, is apparently pre-eminent. Other hills in the immediate vicinity look down upon it, while measured against

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the mountains of the immediate background it is altogether insignificant. Nor is it spacious or particularly adapted to human habitation, for its summit is narrow and uneven and its sides are gashed with deep clefts and ravines. But it is abrupt and jealous of access, and those who occupy it need not be hospitable unless they wish. Narrow pathways wind their way up the steep ravines with steps and zig-zags, but only at one end is there an approach up which, with not a little whipping, horses can be made to drag the two-wheeled chariots of the day. The steepness of the ascents, however, is somewhat compensated by their shortness, and the hill dwellers are unconscious of inconvenience in their proud location. To them the ascent is easy enough, but to the forbidden visitor quite impracticable. The hill is easily held against all comers, which is doubtless the reason for its selection as the head of the realm which stretches on either hand out, out, nobody knows how far, but to a distance of several miles.

In accordance with this special dignity and responsibility, the hill has been surrounded with imposing walls, rude and stern, but in strength and grandeur never to be surpassed in the later and more facile time. They are made of huge stones quarried from the surrounding hills, or perhaps from the hill itself. The stones are not chiseled, and though roughly faced with the hammer, no attempt has been made to fit them closely at the edges, where they

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are joined with their mortar of clay with an occasional smaller stone for chinking. But though lacking the niceties, the wall rises square and heroic in its strength, its huge stones impressive reminders of the virile spirits who set them there and who man the battlements.

Let us make the circuit of the little hill and view its walls more closely before entering its precincts. It meanders tortuously along the irregular crest of the hill, for the most part concealing the houses within. Here is a deep indentation or ravine, around the head of which the wall bends inward, but accommodates with a grudging opening the path that with steps and turns winds its way up the hollow. We pass several such before we turn round the eastern end, where the wall rises into a lofty watch-tower commanding the entire plain. The northern side, too, has its indentations and crooked ascents and postern gates, and even caves and mysterious nooks that deter the timid. One dark recess well up the rock-strewn slope excites our curiosity. What is in there, no one can tell us. It is high up and difficult to reach, and who knows what spirits haunt it? The local intellect is not excursive and each finds countenance in the other's ignorance. But it is a larger curiosity that has brought us so far and we investigate. When we have toiled up to the dark entrance and peered cautiously inside, it proves not to be so dark and eerie as we thought. A ray of light comes in at the farther end and shows us

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a narrow, wedge-shaped cavern terminating upward in a mere crack. Examination shows that in some convulsion of nature a huge slice or scale of our rock cracked off and slipped edgewise downward till arrested by the mass of débris that lies banked against the hill. As it slid down the irregular surface, one side—the side of our approach—was forced outward, leaving the wide opening through which we have entered, while the other edge lies closer and barely admits a ray of light. The top of the slice leans heavy against the hill, the interstices being in part closed up by earth and rubbish. But here, too, and right above our heads, though obscured by jutting portions of the rock, is an opening on a level with the hilltop.

As a freak of nature this is moderately interesting, but man has turned it wonderfully to account. Winding its way round projections and doubling back upon itself is a rude stairway by which it seems possible to enter the walled precinct. We are tempted to follow up our discovery, but as the stairway seems to be unknown it is obviously unused, and may well prove impracticable. Besides, we have not yet completed the circuit of the hill, so we toil down the slope again, and passing other caves and climbing other paths, we reach the western end, where the more gradual ascent has determined the location of the main entrance.

Here contour has been less slavishly followed and the hill has been taken somewhat vigorously in hand,

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as befits the monumental character of the chief or state gateway. Starting from the corners of the narrow front, the wall cuts straight across, but not in the same line. Advancing from their several corners, the two walls do not meet, but when they reach the central line, one is twenty feet behind the other. In this jog, where the two walls seem about to slip past each other, stands the great gateway, pretty nearly at right angles with the wall on either side. And quite naturally the approach, instead of heading straight toward the wall as it fronts the hill, is arranged by zigzags to approach the corner and skirt the wall as it turns toward the gateway. It seems awkward, but there is method in its madness. We slowly realize that if we were an attacking party, the awkwardness would be chiefly ours. As we tried to rush the gateway, sword in hand and with our bucklers on our left, we should find it extremely difficult to protect ourselves from the darts and stones launched from the wall on our right, which here towers sixty feet above us and thickens to a vast tower with a fighting platform twenty feet broad.

The gateway is massive and imposing, built no longer of unshaped blocks, but of chiseled uprights and massive lintel all recessed or grooved on the inside, so that the ponderous wooden door when closed gives no chance for pry or crowbar. Each of the great square door posts is pierced with a round hole as large as a stovepipe, in which slides

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a heavy wooden spar which effectually bars the door when closed.

Above the lintel rises a wall connecting the tower walls on either side. This bit of wall was plainly an embarrassment to the builder. Despite the great thickness of the lintel, the immense weight of a sixty-foot wall might easily be more than it could bear, and if it gave way, the whole might fall, perhaps with ruin to the hill dwellers and their dependent realm. So the builder has left above the lintel a triangular opening, advancing the blocks of stone on either side, each a little beyond the one below it until they meet at the top of the triangular space. Thus none of the weight of the heavy wall rests on the lintel and the triangular opening is sufficiently filled by a slab of stone whose weight the lintel can safely bear. All this, we are told, is the recognized method of constructing a fortress entrance, a method followed in neighboring Tiryns and Mycenae and the last word in military science. Our hill is stronger than either and is conscious of being the model fortress for all time. Mycenae is not so square hewn or Tiryns so lofty. And what fortress can match our impregnable secret postern gate?

The triangular slab of stone above the main gateway deserves farther notice. Unique in its character and position, it has tempted the artist to a supreme effort. On either side of a curious pillar, large at the top and tapering downward, rears a lion whose head turns menacingly outward to warn the

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visitor who might approach with hostile intent. The meaning is all very easy. The pillar and its accessories are merely copied from the big house inside, of which they are the emblem, as the lions on either side quite naturally symbolize its defenders. What with this heraldic warning before us and the ponderous towers on either side, we are not a little in awe and might hesitate to enter were it not that the general temper seems to be pacific and the fortress none too strenuously guarded. Our visit falls in a time of peace and these defenses seem unnecessary, as defenses have a way of doing when they are serving their purpose best. There have been long ages of disorder and struggle, ending at last in control and peace, which these bulwarks were built to maintain. We are not sure about the equities of it all and the yoke laid by the heavy hand may very well have been galling. But we are glad to find the gate open rather than barred, and to pass beneath the lions without feeling their teeth.

Let us enter. The scene that greets our eye is not at first attractive. A single street or driveway opens before us, ascending the hill in quite gratuitous windings. It is barely wide enough for the occasional car to pass, and boasts no curb or paving. It is a receptacle for more or less of the city's refuse, which the rains only gradually and imperfectly remove. The buildings on either side are unpretentious and altogether unconscious of their Broadway location. They are built of rough

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stones and mud and wood, all in fortuitous combination and with unsatisfactory result. But meager as are the attractions of the main thoroughfare, it is dignity itself compared with the network of side passages where two pedestrians have barely room to pass, all mapped out by accident and devoid of system or convenience. Man has not yet learned to plan these larger things. They just grow. But the human swarm that throngs this beehive find it satisfactory. They are proud of their protecting walls, and these burrows have for them a beauty not yet marred by the vision of better things.

Yet that vision is near at hand. Our Broadway leads in a few brief yards to a great house in the very center of the hill, a palace, we are the more willing to call it, in comparison with the mean dwellings around. It is plainly the dwelling of the king or lord of the fortress, and the contrast seems to indicate that lordship is a serious matter here.

The palace, if not otherwise imposing, impresses us with its vast extent and favored location. It occupies a central and sheltered position in the middle of the hilltop, where it absorbs the lion's share of the limited area. The sloping ground permits more than one story and allows entrance at different levels. The rear abuts on the fortress wall, and the secret postern gate which we noted from below is its emergency exit, perhaps reserved for its exclusive use.

The lord of the fortress is not democratic and

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his neighbors are not intimates of his family circle. It is but scanty information that we can glean from them as to its appointments or the life lived within. But ours are passports of privilege and we are admitted.

Passing the guards, we enter through a broad opening or doorway perhaps twenty feet wide. There is a threshold of stone and a heavy beam of wood for a lintel above. But as the lintel has to bear a heavy weight of wall above and the opening is wide, it is supported by two pillars which thus divide the opening into three parts. These pillars are curious in shape, tapering from the top downwards like table legs, and having a heavy, bulging roll at the top to serve as capital. They are of wood and the bases on which they stand have been sloped away on all sides so that the rain will run off instead of running under the pillar and rotting it away.

Once through this gateway we find ourselves in an open court surrounded by a covered passage in cloister fashion, supported by pillars like those described but smaller. Through this court we pass by another entrance, much like the first, into another large space, but this time it is a room instead of an open court. The difference is one of degree, however, the surrounding roof being broader until it nearly closes the whole; but there is an opening in the center, and beneath it the great hearth where the fire provides warmth and good cheer and pos-

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sibly serves less dignified purposes. This great room, the prototype of the great hall in castles and palaces down to the end of time, is the essential feature of the palace. It is isolated from the rest of the palace by narrow passages around the outside. Outside these passages are a labyrinth of apartments for servants, women, and all manner of private use. They are not for visitors, and we will not trespass or abuse the lord's hospitality.

Once wanted to the place, we have time to notice its construction. It is a curious combination of crudity and elegance. The walls within and without are attractive in their stucco dress, save in their lower portion, where they are covered with hewn wooden planking, or in exceptional places by slabs of stone about a yard in height. Our palace is not in such perfect repair that we cannot ascertain what lies behind the surface finish. Rough fragments of the local porous limestone, laid in a thick matrix of clay, form the lower portion and above, only clay, that is, sun-dried brick, all very good if the stucco and the roof above are kept in repair, but not essentially different from the materials used for the humblest hovels outside. But there are some surprising things. The stone thresholds and other blocks are sawed with a metal saw apparently set with corundum points. Most astonishing of all, we discover that the wainscot of stone slabs is held in place by dowels set in holes which have been bored in the stone by tube drills, that is, drills that

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cut in a circle and leave a solid core within. How have these builders, whose walls are of mud and whose rafters and joists are but peeled saplings—we saw their round ends above the pillar between the lions as we entered the city gate—how have such men hit upon such devices? Have the tube drills migrated like ourselves out of the world's high noon into these twilight days?

If we turn from the palace to its furnishings and contents, surprises multiply. Here is pottery in amazing variety and use. We have caught sight of enormous jars holding a dozen barrels apiece which are built into the palace itself and used for the storage of wine, oil, grain, and the like. The women who ascend in stately line the difficult path from the spring so miraculously placed high up the slope, bear on their heads other jars of graceful outline. Vessels of other shape steam over the open fire. Graceful cups adorn the banquet and there are tiny vials for perfumery whose shape and decoration befit the delicate function. In all of these there is not only technical skill; there is unmistakable evidence of taste. However exacting may be the struggle for existence, these people have taken thought for beauty and have staked something on its attainment.

There are other things that emphasize the same truth. There are fabrics, coarse and suited for the plainest uses, or marvels of labor and skill. What art ever offered such unlimited opportunity

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for artistic fancy and cunning labor? There are paintings upon the stuccoed walls that depict with marvelous vigor the sports that the lord and his subjects love. There are cunning carvings in alabaster or ivory enlivened by inlays of bright glass.

But our admiration must be chiefly reserved for the works in metal, more especially for personal adornment, which seem to be the glory and the chief concern of the age. Gold abounds, evidently an importation and purchased at great cost, but eagerly sought by all who can obtain it and especially distinctive of royalty. Huge rings and bracelets adorn the person of the lord, and even earrings are not disdained. From his belt gleams the gold handle of his dagger and gold damascene decorates the blade. If he deigns to drink from an earthen cup in private, cups of gold are brought out in honor of a guest.

All this is very impressive, but taste has long since demanded something more than mere glitter and garish display. It is not the gold that is the glory of that dagger hilt, but its exquisite chased or damascened design. On his dagger blade are represented hunting scenes with lions in flight or dashing at the hunter, or with wild fowl rising from the water. Better still, long lines of spirals run down the narrowing blade, tapering, like itself, in exquisite diminuendo. The drinking cup is decorated with little birds upon its handles, or more ambitiously, with elaborate scenes in relief representing favorite

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sports and occupations. Furniture and personal attire are resplendent with gold and beautiful with the universal decoration in flowing line. Beauty is everywhere, in forms, if not the most appealing, at least studied and mastered with patience and skill.

Now that we have somewhat completed our inventory of the place, it may well occur to us that there are some surprising omissions. Where are the temples? Was ever a people without fear of the unseen powers or formula for appeasing them? Yet we have found no temple, not even a wayside shrine. No, our hill dwellers are neither fearless nor godless. But events never quite understood and now forgotten, long since conferred upon the lord the prerogatives and duties of the priesthood. If it is necessary to appease the anger of the unseen powers or to enlist their potent aid, it is he who invokes their favor or makes the required sacrifice. It is he who makes known their will and pledges his people's service. In the great court of his palace which we first entered stands the altar at which he alone may minister, and in dark chambers surrounded by symbols of dread import, he performs rites too sacred for the public gaze. It is plain that no small part of the awe with which he is regarded is due to these solemn functions and to the awful powers which they put at his disposal. If this arrangement should be questioned—which we cannot find to have been the case—the shocked

reply would be easy and convincing. What more natural than that the most powerful should mediate between us and the unseen powers! Of what avail the petition or the clumsy divination of the uninitiated? So men have reasoned since time began.

It is not savagery that haunts these huddled hovels and dirty streets, but a mature civilization, ill balanced and proportioned, it may be, but that it has in common with all civilizations. It is unconscious that the world is in its morning and looks back with pride upon its ancient lineage and noble pedigree. For it is not alone, but one of many representatives of this cherished civilization. Its counterpart is to be found upon many an island or promontory from Byzantium to Spain. Tiryns and Mycenæ are nearby rivals that dispute its primacy. Above all, the great island of Crete completely outshines it and all others in mighty Cnossus, the capital of a larger territory and the mistress of the seas. The splendors of Cnossus are known to all and the sufficient recommendation for jewel or costume is the fact that it came from Cnossus. The mysteries of the great Cnossian palace are the subject of speculation and legend passing into fantastic fable. And marvelous to relate, Cnossus has no walls, no lion gate. With her own island subdued and loyal, her defense line lies beyond her shores. Her ships that sail all known seas are her watch-towers. Mistress of her chosen element, powerful and rich beyond all rivals, it is Cnossus that sets the pace.

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But there is another in the dim background that sets the pace for Cnossus. Egypt is at her zenith. In age, in wealth, in technic arts, her supremacy has long passed unchallenged. It is not long since she emerged from her millenniums of isolation and under her great Pharaoh, Tutmes, built great navies such as even Cnossus had hardly known and in eighteen campaigns across the seas reduced all Syria to her sway. And since that time her commerce has spread far and wide. Her wares are found in the shops of Cnossus and in all the kindred communities like the one before us. More significant is the influence of Egypt on native crafts and wares. The great initiator of civilization has been giving of its gathered experience, and the stimulus is like new wine. Cnossus and all her family seem, it is true, to be very much themselves, but their debt to the great forerunner is not the less because they have made the gift so thoroughly their own as to conceal its origin.

This significant contact suggests other questions which we find it difficult to answer. Where was the Cnossian navy when the great Tutmes put to sea, and what did the sea empire think of this eruption from the valley of the Nile? Was there room for both in these narrow seas? Was there collusion or conflict, and if either, was the relation one of equals or of vassalage? These questions permit no certain answer and perhaps the facts themselves were vague at best. If there was dependence it can

hardly have been for long, for the sheltered Nile dwellers show little inclination to brave the stormy element. But whether the Cretan emissary to the court of Pharaoh is a bearer of gifts or of tribute, it is certain that there was such an emissary in these days of outreaching enterprise, and that subsequent relations have been potent in shaping the civilization which interests us.

Similarly, the relation between Cnossus and the lesser members of her own family are obscure. We cannot learn just what are the obligations of our hill community and its subject territories to the powerful island capital. There is intercourse, deference, and possibly tribute, though whether exacted and in stipulated amount is not clear. Slowly we conclude that the relation is itself ill-defined and fluctuating. But the men of our burg and those of Cnossus can understand each other's speech, and are vaguely conscious that they are not foreigners to each other in quite the same degree as are the Egyptians. Not that their sentiments are fraternal. There is much jealousy of the sea power of Cnossus which is not infrequently an instrument of oppression, and concerted action against it would certainly be attempted by the lesser powers were it not that they are equally jealous of one another. It is upon this mutual distrust in no small part that the overlordship of Cnossus is based. Yet it serves the common interest, as is vaguely recognized in calmer moments. Who has forgotten that our

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stronghold, like that of Tiryns and Mycenæ and Troy, and even Cnossus itself, had to be located some miles from the sea as a protection against pirates who were wont to sack the towns and harry the countryside? And though such depredations have not wholly ceased, they are now so rare that the lion gates are scarcely guarded, men till the fields with confidence, and the merchant trusts his precious wares upon the sea itself. The navy of Cnossus has given peace to its little world and the result is prosperity and civilization. That civilization lacks some of the refinements and even of the equities that our imaginations dimly prophesy. It is but a rough first draft of God's great project for humanity. But against the dark background of the chaos that had been before, it looks so beautiful and fair that men forget its imperfections and are chary of changes that might upset its delicate equilibrium. Our community, like all its contemporaries, is conservative, more warned by memory than lured by vision. It asks little save to be let alone and enjoy the blessings of its beneficent order. We will leave it in its tranquillity and self-satisfaction.



POSTERN GATE OF THE ACROPOLIS

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CHAPTER II

As we approach our familiar hill on our second visit, the first impression is that tranquillity has remained unbroken. Everything seems the same. The same mountains, "violet crowned," furnish the familiar background. The same olive groves and tilled valleys spread out before us, and the same walls and towers are outlined against the clear sky. The lions still menace us as we pass the gateway and the huddled houses within seem not greatly different. But this impression of sameness soon yields to a growing consciousness of change. Even before we reach the gate we are aware that the city has outgrown the straitened limits of the hill-top. The approach has become a street, with houses and shops and the familiar alleys along the sides, all in a network which covers the slope and stretches down to the valley below. The women are carrying water from other and lower springs and their jars are different, very different, less graceful in form and harsher in their decorations.

Closer attention makes us aware that the people themselves have changed. They differ much in type and their speech is different. The shops are different, too, and expose other wares, less varied and

less attractive than before. In particular there are implements and weapons of a kind we do not remember to have seen before, much harder, we are told, than the earlier bronze and more serviceable for all uses. But there is no gold or chasing, no lion hunt or tapering spiral to lend them beauty. Indeed we should call them insensible to beauty were it not for the almost superstitious reverence with which they cherish their few relics of that earlier art.

Inside the gate, too, surprises await us. The nearer houses, to be sure, and the petty shops that line our Broadway show no change, or none that interests us. But the palace to which we hasten our footsteps has quite disappeared. Where stood the great hall, now rises a temple, large and square, built of hewn stone and with a porch in front whose heavy lintel supported by two columns reminds us of the opening through which we entered the palace court. But the columns are different. They are of stone and curiously finished in shallow concaves and they taper the other way. These and other differences give us a bewildering sense of change. Where stood the other apartments of the palace are now houses and lesser shrines, some of which we suspect to have incorporated palace remains. Among these, one not much larger than the rest is pointed out as the residence of the king. A visit to the interior, which, by the way, is much more accessible than the palace of the earlier day, con-

firms the impression that kingship is a very different matter from what it had formerly been. There are no sumptuous fittings, no carvings in alabaster or ivory, no subtle product of the weaver's art or goldsmith's design. Yet stay. The king has not quite shown us all his treasures. Not until he is warmed with wine and we have disarmed his suspicions does he bring out his cherished shield of beaten bronze and his golden cup, which we recognize as strangely like those in use when we came before. These, he tells us, are heirlooms come down from a venerable past, the like of which no man makes or ever can make, for these were fashioned by the fire god in his smithy on Mount Olympus. He is the god of the craftsmen who do him homage in one of the shrines we have seen.

Evidently the gods, too, have become more accessible than of old, since craftsmen and common folk may now do them homage without an august intermediary. Even we are free, we are told, to enter their sanctuaries. Our curiosity responds promptly to the suggestion. We enter the great temple, intent to discover the object of popular veneration. A huge wooden image barely suggesting a human form, hardly more than a log in appearance, holds the place of honor. It is draped with votive robes and decked with trinkets and even costly jewels, the gifts of suppliants or grateful worshipers. Around are shelves loaded with tiny images in terra cotta or bronze, evidently dedi-

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cated to the goddess, but whether images of herself or of devotees who thus gave their patron divinity visible reminders of their being and their claims, we cannot at once determine. Worshipers come and go, confident that she of the wooden image is potent to grant their petitions if only approached aright and effectually persuaded. There are functionaries, too, to assist them in the furtherance of their interests, though meanwhile not wholly forgetful of their own.

The same, yet not the same. The more complete our survey, the more changed things seem. Externals are as we knew them, mere holdovers from an earlier time. But the living forces are different and can hardly fail to express themselves differently, whether better or worse is not so clear. On the whole it seems to spell decadence. Life is ruder and less responsive to the finer impulses. The potter's work, the best index of contemporary skill and taste, is coarse and utilitarian and his fancies crude and harsh. The higher technic arts have disappeared. Men's wants have become few and simple, and social organization has become rudimentary and primitive.

But the most startling of all discoveries awaits us. What about Tiryns and Mycenæ; what of the Cretan Empire and great Cnossus and her navy, of Egypt and her commerce? We discover little knowledge and less interest. Tiryns and Mycenæ, to be sure, still exist and seem to be quite

normal according to contemporary standards, but few seem to have direct knowledge of them. It is by dint of much questioning that we learn that the same speech is spoken there as here and that they have undergone a transformation similar but even more complete. Concerning Cnossus and Egypt, ignorance is even more dense. It is only slowly and by negative or indirect evidence that we learn that great Cnossus has fallen, that her mighty palace has been burned, and that her navy no longer rules the seas. Quite naturally the pirate has returned and commerce has dwindled to the vanishing point, and Egypt, herself in the sere and yellow leaf, has retired into the shadow. These facts once discovered, we can better render account of the most significant fact of all. Our community has lost touch with its neighbors and with the great centers of civilization. Life is simple and rude because local and without larger stimulus and example. Thought is provincial and stagnant.

When did this change take place and how? Answer must be sought in fantastic folk tale and legend, but in outline the answer is clear. It is all due to the advent of a strange people, savages, who came over the mountains from the north. For centuries they have been coming, often peaceably and not unwelcome as workers, or mercenary soldiers, but sometimes as armed invaders, aided and abetted by their kinsfolk who had established themselves peaceably before. Primitive in organiza-

tion and unskilled in military science, they were virile and hardy and, above all, they had weapons of that strange metal, already noted, against which the bronze shields of the hill dwellers were no protection. Little by little, with varying incident, they have possessed the land. Sometimes they have taken a stronghold by clever stratagem or by fierce attack. Again they have been its hired defenders and their vigorous leader has at last taken possession of the throne which only he could defend. Still again they have come merely as settlers and have displaced their luxurious predecessors by their fertility and physical vigor. Sometimes the earlier population was ruthlessly exterminated, but more often, as here, it was absorbed and scarcely knew what was happening.

It had been a restless and troubled time. The newcomers were rovers by habit and found little opportunity to acquire the habit of stability; for more kept coming, driven by pressure from behind and in turn pressing those who had come before. What seemed an advance seen from the front looked like a flight seen from behind. On the desperate movement went till it reached the sea. What then? Sometimes they turned their back to the sea, turned their horde into a phalanx and in their armed camp stood at bay, as they were doing down beyond Tiryns in the valley of the Eurotas. Sometimes they took to the sea, especially if near islands beckoned, and sought adventure in remoter lands.

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No merchants, they, with freight of precious wares for Pharaoh and Minos, but wild sea rovers quick to seize and plunder whatever came to hand.

With such a predatory power the rulers of Cnossus inevitably clashed. We can learn nothing of the incidents of the struggle save its dramatic termination, but its general course is clear. Whatever checks the new pirates suffered, they were not suppressed. They were recruited by the inexhaustible stream that had now worn deep the pathway over the northern mountains. They had possessed themselves of the strongholds that had been built for defense against them and had established others over seas. Reverses only postponed their inevitable triumph. The leadership of Cnossus, which had slowly grown into suzerainty with its obligation of tribute in slaves, became to them an unbearable tyranny and the ruler hidden in the great palace an ogre. At last an expedition more formidable than any before, and led by the prince of our own hill town, had captured and burnt the palace and destroyed the Cretan power forever. There is much pride here in this achievement, with little appreciation of the fact that it is a triumph of barbarism over civilization, that life has become meager and provincial and the seas unsafe in consequence, for men are always more complacent over the triumph of barbarism than over that of civilization, and the barbarian knows not the price of his victory.

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Yet the destruction of civilization inevitably creates a void which the destroyer is impelled to fill. The pirates that ruled the seas now preyed upon one another and lost countenance with their supporters. Trade was lucrative in proportion to its dangers and was clamoring for protection. More settled conditions produced the means for an ampler life, and with it came inequalities in society and a growing need of regulation and control. These tendencies are discernible at the time of our visit, but rather as disturbing than as constructive forces. Our inventory looks bad upon the balance sheet. The world has slipped back a long way in the last half-thousand years, with small signs as yet of a new advance.



ATHENIAN LADY OF THE TIME OF PISISTRATUS

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CHAPTER III

Again we approach the familiar beach where our ship is drawn by windlass up on to the sands. We are struck by the bustle and activity on the beach in contrast with our last visit, when we found it deserted. Our ship is but one of many and evidence of rich cargo is on every hand. There is busy traffic, too, on the road which leads toward the familiar walls and towers five miles away. Arrived there, however, we are surprised to find that interest centers in the lower city quite outside the walls. Here the pack mules stop and here traffic is busy in the market place. There are new streets and new houses in large numbers, and there are other things quite new and surprising. The spring, for instance, the very one from which the women were carrying water three hundred years ago, is now housed in an elegant structure, with roof and pillars and reservoir from which the water flows through nine spouts most convenient for filling the jars. Most astonishing of all, the spring, become quite inadequate to the growing demand, is supplemented by water brought from distant sources in a remarkable conduit built with much engineering skill. There are new temples, too,

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and public conveniences in the market place and elsewhere. There are abundant signs of wealth in the richer dress and the costlier wares that meet our gaze, yes, and poverty, too, its seemingly inevitable pendant.

But we have not come to see this city of the valley. We hasten on to the Hill of Athena (she of the wooden image), for so we have learned to call it, where we recognize the walls and towers and—but no. What can have happened? The lion gate is not there. In its place there is a wider opening which has been set on a slant so as to secure the wider space. It is not made of the coarse limestone, with which we are familiar, but of a stone beautiful and white and cut with extraordinary precision. Like the pillared entrance of the old-time palace and the later temple, it has three openings with a pillared porch before and another behind, an elegant structure, though one less suited to purposes of defense than the one which it displaced. Its elegance, too, is a little incongruous next to the huge towers of rough stone between which it is placed, and this seems to have been appreciated, for the nearer portions of these towers have been faced with marble below and with stucco above, after the ancient and approved method. The result is hardly a harmony, but a striking proof of the existence of new ambitions and new tastes.

The gate once passed, the change is startling. The houses are all gone, save one large one with

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its dependencies situated so far back that we do not notice it at first. But the temple of Athena is there and the other shrines. Yet is this the temple of Athena? No, certainly not. It occupies the same site, but it is larger and higher and very different. For we remember well that the temple had two columns in its porch before and two in its porch behind, and this one has columns all around and sculptured scenes in the gable ends and along the walls above, and all in this same remarkable white stone, though painted in part. But the walls are of the old coarse stone, except the sculptured part above. Yes, they are the same walls that we saw before. They have simply added a yard of sculptured wall above and built the new colonnade all round, and put in the gable scenes in the new roof and altogether changed it beyond recognition. But within it is the same, only higher, and the wooden statue is the same, for who would venture to change an image that fell down from Zeus!

Long and absorbing is our contemplation of this amazing transformation before we turn to the great house, which we do not recall as having existed on the occasion of our former visit. It is a noteworthy, though not an ostentatious palace, but what impresses us most is the obvious caution of its occupant. There is none of the open-door hospitality of our earlier king. Our credentials are scrutinized with care and we are subjected to

a searching inquiry before we are admitted to the presence of Pisistratus; for it is Pisistratus, a name known across the seas, whose fame has brought us here. Already we have learned that the transformation we have noted is his work. It is due to him that ships now crowd the beach of Phaleron. It is he who built the aqueduct and the spring house and the new market. It is he who replaced the lion gate with the gate of the double porch and built the new colonnade around the great temple. It is he who cleared out the hilltop and brought the sacred image from Brauronia whose new shrine now stands just inside the gateway, and made the hill a dwelling for the gods—and for Pisistratus. A king? No, nor the son of a king; just Pisistratus.

The great man is affable enough, and his initial reticence gives way as he satisfies himself that we are but emissaries from the court of posterity. Not that he is indifferent to our opinion. He is noticeably concerned regarding it. But our judgment of his work will not interrupt it and he invites that judgment with confidence.

“You are interested in what you see? I hope you approve. On the whole I think the people do, though some are unreconciled, and a few have refused to accept the situation. There is Miltiades, for instance, a strong man who would have been invaluable to me, but he refuses to accept my leadership and has gone off to Thrace to accept the chieftaincy of a tribe of barbarians. I don’t blame

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him, for we were citizens together, but there did not seem to be room for two at the top.

"What was my warrant? Simply the fact that something had to be done, and I saw, or thought I saw, that I was the only man who had the nerve and the resources that were required.

"You know what our people were like when they settled here after the migrations—hardy and energetic but raw, undisciplined, and restive under restraint. The king was only a leader in war. He had no power and no skill for the difficult requirements of peace. It was all well enough during the fighting period, when life was the simplest imaginable and luxuries were supplied by loot; but when we settled down to a regular life and began to develop the arts again and take the risks of trade, there was infinite confusion. We have neither the necessary laws nor the appropriate traditions. The strong abused their power. Usury was unrestrained and reduced the poor to slavery. We wasted in hopeless struggles at home the energy that should have sent our wares over seas. We were factious and provincial.

"We weren't altogether blind to the situation. The evils were patent to all and efforts were made to remedy the situation. Oh, the times that we have discussed all this in our town meetings and the laws that we have voted, some of them very good ones, too, and then we went home and things went on just as before! In our desperation we

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stopped discussing and voting and put ourselves unreservedly in the hands of chosen men, giving them *carte blanche* to impose on us such laws as they chose. We even tried Draco, the most pitiless of our critics, a man with excellent ideas of what men should do, but with no suasion except the most brutal ferocity. This failed speedily and dismally, and we turned to Solon.

"Solon was a great friend of mine and much the cleverest man among us. He has a most enlightened idea of what a human society should be and a profound knowledge of human nature. But Solon is a theorist. I knew in advance that he would give us an admirable system of laws and that no real good would come of it. Solon, with all his wisdom, has never been a manager of men. He had no authority to enforce his laws anyway, nor would our people have given it to him. He was only a law *maker*. And then he has scruples, very fine ones, I suppose, though I call them fantastic, about the people being their own authority and enforcing their own laws. By the way, have you noticed what a hobby that has been with our people? It is all very nice, I suppose. I can see as well as anybody that that would be the best way if people only would do it. But I have been a business man and manager of men all my life, and I can tell you that the government that appeals to me is the one that really governs. This we did not have, and without it I knew that

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Solon's laws, however well conceived, would go the way of the rest.

"And here is my whole work. I have enforced the laws of Solon. I knew, of course, that no town meeting would or could empower me to do so. What I needed was not an authorization but organized force. Even if the people had given me this, they would have recalled it as soon as they felt its pressure. I had to get it by ruse. You have heard the story, of course. You see I was unpopular, being rather at the head of the moneyed interests here, against which the jealousy of the public is chiefly directed. No ordinary appeal would have won their sympathy. So I appeared in the Agora, covered with wounds, not very deep ones but very bloody, and said I had been beset by bandits and asked that I be allowed to keep an armed force of fifty men for my defense. You criticize the prevarication? You are right on ideal grounds, I know; but, after all, the essential part of the story, the bandits, these were a reality, as everybody knew, and the armed men I wanted for defense against them, even if not quite as they understood it. You can judge, however, of the sagacity which guided our affairs from the fact that the sight of a few bloodstains won me this concession.

"I gave much thought and attention to the choice and training of these armed men; fifty of them? Don't be too inquisitive. I never allowed more

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than fifty of them to be seen at once. When they were ready I brought them one night up into the old fortress here by a secret stairway long disused and which everyone seemed to have forgotten (you probably have not noticed it), and in the morning I controlled the situation.

"Now judge for yourselves what use I have made of my power. I have cleared out this place not only for my own protection but because it no longer suited the requirements of our people. They lived on here in antiquated huts from sheer inertia while their interests were below. I have established order and protected property and life. I have fostered commerce and turned the attention of a provincial people out toward their kindred over seas until we have become the center of the civilized world. Our wares are known wherever our language is spoken, and our artisans and merchants are the busiest and richest in the world. And with their wealth I have created what you see. The women no longer crowd each other to dip water from a muddy spring. The temple of our goddess is one of which we need no longer be ashamed. We have peace, prosperity, and a new world vision. Are these things worth the price? Solon still says, no. He says the people now have much that is excellent but that they do not own themselves, whatever that may mean. The logic of events has no lessons for the temperamental idealist, whose chief rôle seems to be to

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serve as a rallying point for ne'er-do-wells and malcontents. I bear Solon no grudge, though he has never forgiven me. Yet I have done little else than translate his ideals into fact.

"Well, look about you, and tell what you have seen to the court of posterity. I abide its judgment."

We leave the presence of the great man impressed and disposed to be convinced. But we cannot wholly forget Solon and Miltiades or lightly disregard their protest. We become aware, too, that there is an undercurrent of opposition about us which menaces the new order. There is elegance and refinement in the life of the time, but there is a suggestion of hollowness and of repression. Those who accept the situation most unreservedly are not the ones, as a rule, that we find most interesting. We are more impressed by their clothes than by their personalities. The same character we find reflected in the brilliant art of the day, one of the most astonishing of its many innovations. What more elegant than these statues that we have seen in the palace of Pisistratus and elsewhere! How exquisite their delicate embroideries! But themselves? If these people had sold themselves for their new prosperity, the price was not exorbitant. Nor do we find among them the representatives of that sterner type whose attitude toward the new régime is one, if not of opposition, at best of silent submission and opportunist

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support. It is true that we find no evidence of revolt. The irreconcilables are gone. Big business is conscious of its debt to Pisistratus and he can count on its undivided support. But all this is conditioned upon the rare forbearance and wisdom of their citizen ruler. Pisistratus is the key to the situation, a key not easily duplicated.



A WARRIOR OF SALAMIS
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CHAPTER IV

Life is quickening its pace in the city of Athena and our visits to her sanctuary must be more frequent. Scarcely half a century has passed since we took leave of Pisistratus, admiring his splendid achievement and hoping, though somewhat doubting, its continuance. It is time that we renewed our inquiry. Some things, at least, we may hope to find. Pisistratus has doubtless passed and with him, perhaps, his authority and the prosperity that he created. But much of his work must remain. The splendid Agora, the fountain house and its aqueduct, the new gateway and the new colonnaded temple—these things at least bear witness to his genius. These things are of a piece with the walls and the towers that have already watched the passing of thirty generations.

Alas, for our confidence in the permanence of men's doings! For the first time our initial impression is not of sameness but of change. The mountains are there and the hills and the gleaming sea, but the Hill of Athena has changed almost beyond recognition. The new marble gateway with its pillared porches is a shapeless heap and the temple of the fair columns a ruin. Even the walls and the lofty towers which we had come to regard as

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part of the hill itself, to last while it should last, have been broken down and their huge stones now lie scattered down the slope or heaped where the wall was thickest, for destruction has been complete. There are the ruins of shrines upon the hilltop and a huge pile of marble, now cracked and burnt and mixed with charred fragments, apparently a building of vast design, whose half-built walls and columns have been involved in the common ruin. Of the house of Pisistratus we discover no trace.

As we turn our attention to the city below, we are on more familiar ground. We recognize the Agora, the streets and many of the houses of our recent visit, and note new ones which have been built by way of replacement or extension. Only the fortifications have been included in the general destruction. The city shows many a sign, however, of disfigurement and wanton vandalism. It has been looted, too, with thoroughness and wantonly defiled. Noting these things we are not surprised to find that the customary activities are conspicuous by their absence. There is bustle and activity at the landing place, but not of merchants from Egypt or Ionia. The beach—not the one we knew, for Phaleron is deserted, but a new one, landlocked and wonderfully protected—swarms with refugees returning with their effects from brief exile to resume as best they can the interrupted life of the City of Athena. It is a slow process

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and many days have been consumed already in the heavy task. The confusion and disarray that we behold is as nothing, we are told, to that of the first few days, when no stone had been set up and there were divided counsels as to the course to be pursued.

For the work of restoration had been embarrassed at the outset by an amazing proposal that the Hill of Athena should be abandoned altogether and a new shrine and city built on a hill down by the seashore, overlooking the new harbor which we have already noted. So preposterous a proposal could scarcely have come from anyone but Themistocles, the daring spirit who, as was known, feared neither gods nor men and constantly opposed his own wisdom to the wise practices sanctioned by immemorial custom. From anyone else, too, this proposal would have received but the prompt rebuke that it deserved. But Themistocles is the idol of the people just now by reason of his incomparable service to the city, and that presumptuous confidence in his own wisdom had been momentarily justified by the outcome. Only so can we account for the fact that his startling proposal should have been considered and even found a measure of popular support, though, of course, when it came to a decision, sober citizens could not but choose to deny Themistocles rather than offend the gods. Of what avail that Themistocles urged the advantages of the new harbor, the safest and

most convenient in the world; that he extolled the Munichia as a hill better suited for defense and more available for temple building than our own hill; that he noted the settlement already established around the new harbor and sure to grow to large proportions, and pointed out the impossibility of protecting two settlements six miles apart and assuring in case of war that connection which was vital to their existence? This and more was telling argument, and Themistocles was eloquent and persuasive. But it all had this fatal defect, that it was human wisdom and innovation in practice. Had not the wise men of old refused to build their cities on the sea coast? And had not Athena herself elected to dwell upon our hill and even striven with Poseidon for the right of possession and won her suit before the court of the gods of Olympus? What were men that they should strive against the gods, and what advantages of location or natural defense could compensate for the loss of their favor? Why had not Themistocles consulted the all-knowing oracle of Delphi, as he had done about building the ships? With the warrant of the oracle the removal might be attempted, but not on any grounds of mere convenience and seeming advantage.

In vain Themistocles had chafed against a conservatism that he did not respect and superstitions that he despised but dared not offend. In vain he had reminded them that Delphi was deliberate

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in its responses, and that with the enemy still at their gates there was no time for such precautions. It all availed not. Themistocles had tackled a power more redoubtable than hostile army or fleet, the inertia of the human mind, its dependence upon habit and wonted surroundings, and its assumption of divine warrant for the counsels of timidity and lack of vision.

The decision had resulted quite inevitably in the passing of leadership to the more conservative Cimon, a man of energy and driving power rather than of vision. Under his vigorous direction order is coming rapidly out of chaos and the hill is resuming its character as a fortress. New walls are rising, utilizing in part the remains of the old where, as in front, the tumbled stones had blocked the way to complete demolition, but for the most part following lines quite new. Cimon is much less subservient to nature than the builders of a thousand years before. He refuses to follow the sinuosities of the hilltop, and is carrying his wall boldly across ravines and hollows, blocking the side entrances and giving to the hill a square and regular aspect quite at variance with the intent of nature. The hollows and depressions thus included within the walls are filled with rubbish and *débris*, broken statues with their painted embroidery and draperies, shapeless fragments, and material generally unsuited for wall building. For Cimon is wasting nothing that will serve this urgent

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purpose. There is no time to bring back the heavy stones that have been rolled down the steep slope. Anything and everything on the hilltop that will accommodate itself to the requirements is requisitioned and hurried into place. There are blocks from the temple walls that build in smooth and true. There are parts of chiseled cornice which overhang the wall as they did the wall of the temple before. Even the huge round blocks that were being set up for the new temple that Cimon had set a-building before destruction came, piled side by side, make their incongruous contribution. So feverish is the activity under the driving leadership of Cimon that even in the space of our brief visit the wall rises high and straight, and the hill assumes a regular and altogether novel aspect. As straightened and leveled and cleared, the area enclosed is considerably enlarged and much more available than before, and Cimon figures anxiously on the possibility of its accommodating the city's population, if need be, when the enemy returns. His practiced eye has figured on every possibility of defense and has neglected no precaution.

Not least among these precautions, to the minds of most, has been the restoration, rude and provisional, to be sure, of the ruined temple of Athena. For surely no citizen would account the citadel secure without the presence of the goddess in their midst. Yet surely she would not remain unhoused.

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From the outset, therefore, even in the most anxious days, effort has been divided between the wall and the temple. It isn't quite clear that the military Cimon approves this division, and the disapproval of Themistocles is outspoken. But Cimon is silent and Themistocles—well, what can be expected after his audacious proposal? Hero though he is, he is plainly not to be trusted in such matters.

The commotion of these feverish days and the transformation which is taking place before our eyes has engaged our attention so completely that we have half forgotten for a time the question that was uppermost in our minds when we came. What of Pisistratus and the government that he had set up? What of his successors? We discover no guarded palace or armed henchmen, and even Cimon and Themistocles seem to exercise no such authority as did Pisistratus. Why the change? What caused the destruction which we have seen? Had it anything to do with Pisistratus?

Yes, very much to do with him. The old men have lived through it all and can tell us the whole story. Pisistratus was gathered to his fathers, not without honor, from a city that recognized his services. There was lingering resentment at his tyranny, but it was too well established, and withal too beneficial, to be resisted. Following in his tradition, his sons had ruled after him, gradually legitimizing their position by wisdom and service,

until one was murdered and the other shattered in nerve as the result of a private grudge. Crazed with fear, Hippias became a bloody tyrant, and slumbering resentment had awakened and driven him into exile. The reaction had been as complete as the change that caused it. The town meeting resumed its sway and power passed to the man in the street. The court toady became an object of contempt and his manners and his finery a laughing stock. The draped and painted statues of the Pisistratic art gave way to austerer figures and nude athletes. It was a period of democratic simplicity and return to fundamentals, a return which it had been sought to perpetuate by a new and ultra democratic organization of society and state of which we have seen some evidence.

But the new order was not to enjoy an easy triumph. Hippias was not the weakling to surrender his power without a struggle, and he was by no means without resource. He had powerful business and political connections in the Ionian cities and all over the commercial world where the wise prudence of his father as merchant prince had established the outposts of the family fortune. Only Athens had had experience of his cruelty, and even here big business was more inclined to trust the sagacious commercial policy of the family than commit its interests to the doubtful keeping of the man in the street.

And there was a new factor in the situation.

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A mighty power had arisen in the East, and had crowded to the shores of the Ægean, subjecting the Ionian cities to its sway. They had resisted and had appealed to Athens for aid, which had been given, without avail to them and with direful risk to Athens, who must now expect to be called to account. Hippias after long waiting had found in this his opportunity, and had returned twice with immense forces of the enemy who were to place him in control of Athens and both in control of their distant monarch. The second of these onslaughts had almost succeeded. The city had fallen with the result that we have seen. But through the sagacity of Themistocles, aided by incredible audacity or ruse toward friend and foe alike, the great expedition had sustained a crushing defeat. The danger was not past, for a huge army still hovered near and the coming spring must bring the dangerous decision. The situation still looks grave, as we estimate the facts they give us, but it is impossible not to catch the enthusiasm of these people as they grapple with their desperate task. How shall men despair of accomplishing the difficult when they have already accomplished the impossible! And once the danger conjured away, what may not be born of this elation, this new self-confidence? What wonders may we not hope to see upon this broadened hill-top when the new world vision shall have had time to express itself in stone?



THREE GODS. FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON

CHAPTER V

Our city has been the darling of the gods in these fifty years since her sons beat back the foe at Salamis. The transformation which these years have wrought surpasses that of all the millenniums before. Yet we admire without astonishment. We hardly expected less. The feverish activity of those reconstruction days was warrant for almost any expectation. It is sameness that would have surprised us, not change. Not with hand wringing and despair had these men returned to their ruined city, but with enthusiasm and a confidence more than human. Was anything impossible to the victors of Salamis? The enemy had dismantled their city and burned their temples. He had but saved them labor. They would build a city worthy of their deeds, and temples where the gods would fain abide forever. The vision has grown with the years and achievement seems almost to have outstripped imagination.

Yet let her citizens claim what they will for themselves, the devout will recognize that the gods have been most kind. The great attack for which Cimon was so anxiously preparing has not come and the enemy host has melted away. Opportunity has beckoned beyond all hope. The shortsightedness of allies, the jealousy of rivals, and the blind-

ness of enemies have all conspired to place, unwilling and unwitting, the crown upon the brow of Athens. For Athens is an empire now, and resources not of her creating fill her coffers and embellish her sanctuaries.

This becomes apparent at the very threshold of our visit. Our galley enters the narrow gateway of the Piræus, passing long ranks of close moored triremes and yards where ships are building on the ways. The harbor swarms with merchant craft bearing the signs of various cities, but chiefly that of Athens, for her ships outnumber all others. Our ship is not drawn up onto a beach, as of old at Phaleron, but is moored at a splendid quay, where the wares from a hundred ships are handled with surprising convenience and dispatch. The harbor settlement has grown enormously, as Themistocles predicted, and already rivals the parent city in numbers if not in influence. For it swarms with newcomers of varying antecedents who are regarded with suspicion by those born to the democratic purple, and they are not admitted to the all-potent town meeting. Their community is no longer a mere harbor convenience, but a busy manufacturing center whose wares are the staple of the city's trade and the chief source of its wealth.

Both the harbor city and the city beneath the hill are surrounded by massive walls and even connected by long walls between, walls not made of boulders and chinked with clay, but built of hewn

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stones, smoothly chiseled and fitted with hair joints. Within the widened circle of these walls the Hill of Athena is enclosed, more protected than protecting, its fighting days past, and its improvised defenses preserved as reminders of memorable days. Noteworthy as are the developments in the city, the new Agora, with its beautiful painted porch where Athenians are accustomed to gather in moments of leisure, the new shrines and new streets and statues to men and gods, it is impossible long to resist the lure of the great sanctuary. For such it has become. Neither the crowded streets of the earliest days nor the guarded palace of a powerful ruler have returned to fill the space which Cimon had cleared and leveled. Only the gods are here, and chiefly Athena, all-powerful protectress of her chosen city.

The chief attraction, the wonder of wonders, is the new temple of the goddess which has just come from the builder's hand. In ten brief years with unparalleled energy, the Athenians have pushed the great shrine through to completion. It rises, not in the sheltered hollow where of old the lord of the stronghold had located his palace and where the goddess had at first quite automatically taken up her abode, but on the very crest of the hill whose broken ridge has been leveled for the purpose and where its majestic form rises high above the surrounding walls. It is the colonnaded temple of Pisistratus repeated, but magnified and

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transfigured. As we pass the entrance the splendid structure suddenly reveals itself, clothed in a majesty that we cannot comprehend. Crowning a gentle eminence, the broad base rises in three giant steps to the platform on which stand the long line of fluted columns with the temple walls within. The lines soar upward with all the purity and power of perfect straightness, yet without its usual coldness and austerity. There is vigor without harshness, grace without weakness, and mass without heaviness. There is a rhythm of proportion inscrutable, as though the builder had hit upon the wave length that transmits the music of the spheres. How futile seems our wonted trust in ornament in the presence of this divine beauty!

Yet there is ornament here, little needed and little stressed, yet not unworthy of its privilege. In the panels above the colonnade, the combat between Greeks and Centaurs recalls the long struggle between Cosmos and Chaos, whose glorious outcome seems now assured. High on the walls and all too hidden behind the columns is the wonderful frieze, where in solemn pageant the beauty and the chivalry of Athens move with us toward the great east entrance where the gods are in waiting. All is here, early and late. There is the bustle of preparation, the careful start, the measured march of horsemen and charioteers, of animals led to sacrifice and youths bearing gifts, of demure maidens and dignified magistrates, the

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whole headed by the bearer of the robe of Athena, on which for four years the women of Athens had lavished their devotion and their skill. There is infinite skill of arrangement; there is life and lightness and charm. Yet it is a stately music to which they move and the measured pace is never broken.

Slowly we pass the long, colonnaded side and follow the lengthening pageant of the frieze as it turns the corner where the dignified magistrates and the chosen maidens, the beauty queens of Athens, stand in the presence of the gods who sit in state to receive their homage. The priest receives the peplus from its bearer and the great event is over.

Before entering the open doorway where gold gleams softly through the incense smoke, we step back a few paces to view the splendid front and in particular that we may see to better advantage the great pediment or gable group, of which we have heard in the city below as the sculptor's supreme triumph.

We confess to a certain skepticism with regard to these praises. We have seen other pediments and we have found them tiresome. The difficulty is with the space itself, a low triangle with long, tapering points to which two-legged, upright creatures cannot be expected to accommodate themselves. We are familiar with the devices and the ruses employed by the artists to meet this diffi-

culty, the central group judiciously selected from gods, men, and women and furtively arranged with reference to the sloping rafters, then sitting figures, some on chairs, others on the ground, and finally figures lying prone or supported on one elbow with their feet in the tips of the triangle. It helps a little, perhaps, to call these prone figures river gods who might be expected to prefer the horizontal, but we never quite get away from the fact that these figures lie or sit simply because there is no room for them to stand. It is this tyranny of the rafters that wearies us. By what new ruse has Phidias sought to divert attention from the inherent limitations of his space?

Nor has it greatly lessened our incredulity to learn that the theme is the birth of Athena. We can understand the appropriateness, not to say the necessity, of representing this theme on the supreme temple of the goddess, but we are not so clear as to its artistic possibilities. We know the story, this "nativity" of the local faith. Hephæstus, the lame god, with his axe clove open the head of Zeus, and out sprang Athena, full grown and full panoplied, to take her place in the circle of Olympus. The meaning is clear enough. It is a crude and childish way of saying that Athena represents mind as contrasted with force or passion, so recognizable in other divinities. But it is a story which does not seem to lend itself to poetical or artistic representation.

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A single glance suffices to remove all our misgivings. Here are no prone figures with their feet out in the corners, no sitting figures that wish they could stand, no consciousness of limitation or restraint. In the center are the gods of Olympus, Zeus enthroned in their midst, with Hephæstus standing by and Athena, fully arrived, the object of amazed attention. The uncouth birth scene is quietly dropped as both unsuitable and unnecessary. The scene thus becomes rather the advent of Athena in Olympus, the startled attention of the other divinities permitting a spontaneous grouping which fits the space without reminding us of it.

So much was easy, in theory at least. But how about these tapering ends that have wrecked all earlier attempts? Here, as is its wont, genius has found in supreme obstacle its supreme opportunity.

It was daybreak when Athena was born, symbol of that larger daybreak that came with her coming. Out of the sea, as dwellers in the little sea-girt land all know, rises the sun god, Helios, his fiery steeds scarce held by the tightened rein, while the earth is illumined by the blaze of his chariot. Upward and forward they dash into the day, the rafters not constraining, while on the opposite horizon, Selene, the moon gooddness, guides her soberer steeds beneath the waves. How perfect this adaptation to thought and space! How necessary the dawn as a setting to the great theme! And how indis-

pensable this low horizon in east and west which stubbornly refuses to accommodate aught else!

We have center and tips, but the worst remains, these intermediate spaces, too low for standing and with no horizon possibilities. How fill them with relevant figures? How avoid the obvious restraint?

The answer is as complete and as satisfactory as before. It all seems to come so easily, as things of genius do. Around Olympus at this moment of day-break lies the slumbering world, to be awakened to a consciousness of the glad event. Out go the heralds of the gods, bearing the glad tidings and rousing the slumberers as they go. Roused are the nearest, then half aroused, and farther, slumbering still, all in that fine gradation that the space requires, yet not indicated by the space. What a vision! a goddess born in Olympus while the sun dashes into the day and the heralds announce her advent to the waking world. How commonplace the theme of the naked athlete compared with such a vision! And never, surely, was vision seconded by skill of hand so adequate.

Our further quest is almost forgotten in this prolonged contemplation, but another glimpse of the softened sheen in the shadowy interior reminds us that our goal is not yet reached. We enter and are amazed to find that there is still a climax. Standing well to the rear between colonnaded aisles and galleries is the great statue of Athena, the masterpiece of the master artist. Nearly forty feet it rises

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on its pedestal, the crested helmet nearly reaching the polished cedar beams of the coffered ceiling above. The face and arms are of ivory and the draperies of gold. For a moment we are dazzled by its splendor and awed by the consciousness of its prodigious cost. But these less worthy impressions pass quickly in this wonderful presence. There is an infinite calm and repose and, above all, a benignity in this wonderful figure which are more than human and the like of which we have nowhere seen, and which hold in due subordination its garish charm and even the wealth of ornament and delicate detail which cover drapery and shield and ægis and even the sandal's edge. Can art make men worship and reverence the gods? If ever so, then surely here.

It is with a sense of repletion that we retrace our steps. We are conscious that scores of lesser objects, shrines, statues and votive offerings, challenge our attention, but our attention is finite and for the moment it has been taxed to capacity. Even the great bronze statue of Athena which stands sixty feet high and whose gilded spear point we saw gleaming in the sun as our vessel approached the harbor, must wait till a later day for the appreciation which is its due. There are other buildings in progress, too, which have their claim upon our interest, but not now.

One object, however, challenges attention of a different sort. The old temple of Athena still

stands, dilapidated and obsolete, an eyesore in the midst of these beautiful surroundings. How strange that it should remain alongside the magnificent temple that was built for the very purpose of replacing it! Inquiry reveals the fact that we are not alone in this opinion. Its removal had been contemplated, indeed taken for granted, as far back as the time when Cimon began his great temple and when as yet it had not suffered at the hand of Xerxes. With the completion of the still more splendid temple of today, its removal would seem to be the more certain. But unexpected opposition has been encountered, opposition which Athens with all her power and enlightenment is compelled to respect. The old temple had been a necessity during the long period of reconstruction, and all had consented to its retention and rude restoration for temporary use. And now that the time has come, there are those that fear its removal. Did not Athena choose this place in the beginning? Is there any sacrilege like that of removing a shrine from the place which a god has chosen? What if the new temple is larger and grander and the image of the goddess infinitely nobler and more appealing! Man made the one and a god made the other.

Young Athens is impatient, not to say exasperated, at such reasoning, but the wise ones counsel patience. It is well, doubtless, that the Athenians have, to so large an extent, rid themselves of these hampering superstitions, but the result has at times

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been disquieting and the doings of some of the smart set have sometimes made men wish that there were a little more wholesome fear of the gods. May not society become too plastic and incapable of holding the finer form to which it is shaped? So superstition is reinforced by prudence and the old temple is retained, finding meanwhile further temporary use, we are told, as repository for the treasure of the Delian League.

Not only here, our informant tells us, have superstition and conservatism halted this splendid progress. The great gateway, as yet incomplete, furnishes a peculiarly distressing instance. The plan of the architect, Mnesicles, was of extraordinary scope and daring. No mere gateway, this, filling up a gap in the wall, but a magnificent structure extending the entire width of the hill for which it was to serve as an imposing façade. In the center the vast gateway with its fivefold entrance and its deep colonnaded porches within and without rose to the proportions of a veritable temple, to which it bore a close resemblance. On either side were to extend marble halls to serve as art galleries, while beyond these, protected from the bustle of the central thoroughfare, vast pillared porches were to extend to Athenian culture the shelter that it loves for learned converse and philosophic disputation. The beginning is there and the intent is plain.

But the splendid plan seems not likely to be realized at present. Sheltered behind a remnant of the

ancient wall, which the soldiers of Xerxes had found it too hard work to demolish, stands an unsightly shrine with its wooden statue, brought hither in the time of Pisistratus. Wall and statue and shrine and cult, all are of that rubbish which progressive Athens is so incontinently clearing away in the interest of its magnificent creations. Its removal is essential to the realization of Mnesicles' splendid plan. But the priest says, nay. This is a *temenos*, a sacred enclosure, and the great image, divine in origin, is not to be sacrilegiously disturbed. The priest, vigilant for his goddess and perhaps not unmindful of his revenues, asserts his indisputable title. The fears of the devout are aroused at this unceasing encroachment upon the sanctities of tradition, and Pericles says, wait.

It is infinite pity, but it is well. The age is dynamic and the pace is become too fast. The sense of the wonted, on which our loyalties are so largely dependent, has been weakened and men are troubled and uneasy. Nor have these triumphs been won without the fierce conflict of competing ambitions, with its inevitable defeats, its grudges, and its lasting feuds. Along with all its pride of achievement, Athens is discontented and restless as never before. The steadying power of tradition has been lost and men have learned the dangerous habit of innovation. It is not a time to affront conservative instincts unnecessarily. Mnesicles must compromise and wait.



TEMPLE OF ATHENA NIKE FROM THE PROPYLAEA

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CHAPTER VI

We have been for a time too much astonished by what we have seen to make any attempt at inquiry or explanation. But repeated visits gradually accustom us to these marvels and give play once more to our curiosity. Never before has curiosity been so piqued by things seen and heard. Our momentary sense of familiarity at the sight of the well-known mountains and hills, and even our acceptance of the new wonders as but the fulfillment of our expectations, gives way to an increasing sense of the new and strange. The city is not the same city at all, despite the familiar places. The people do not merely worship in new temples; they think new thoughts and dream new dreams. The city disposes of new and vaster energies and is confronted by new dangers and more serious problems. We slowly become conscious of the complete disappearance of the provincial temple. Men now talk of Cnidus and Miletus and Lesbos and Byzantium as once they talked of the petty demes of their little city. The town meeting deals with matters that concern the whole circuit of the Ægean as once it dealt with the hamlets in the valley of the Cephissos. There is constant allusion, too, to things to which

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our former acquaintance gives no clew, to the League, to the treasure, to the grand fleet. There is constant mention of Pericles, the object of fervent loyalty and bitter denunciation. Above all, there is the miracle of this transformation, a transformation which, we increasingly perceive, must have transcended the power and the resources of the city that we knew, even in her most creative mood. Gradually by dint of observation and inquiry we thread our way through the maze of events back to those days after Salamis.

We had unthinkingly assumed that Salamis, followed by the retreat or annihilation of the great army, put an end to the struggle. But Cimon and Aristides knew better. All round the Ægean on promontories or close lying islands, were cities like Athens whose citizens spoke her speech and shared her ways of thinking and doing. With these cities since the days of Pisistratus, Athens had been in close relation and her wealth depended largely on her commerce with them. Athens had shaken off the grip of Persia, but the others had succumbed. Their harbors were in the possession of the enemy and their resources were, however unwillingly, at his disposal. What was the freedom of Athens so long as her natural allies were enslaved and might even be organized against her?

The freeing of these cities became, therefore, a task demanded of the victors of Salamis by reasons of sentiment and interest alike. Undertaken by

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Athens and her allies, it soon became the task of Athens alone, primarily because her leaders had the vision and the energy which the others lacked. Salamis was the struggle of a day, but this struggle lasted fifteen years, all of them years of anxiety and danger, when the appearance of a leader of genius on the other side might have turned the tide to Athens' undoing. No precaution was to be neglected, no resource unutilized. These had not been years of growing wealth or temple building. With the ports of the subject cities closed to her commerce and her coffers drained to equip the military expedition, we look in vain as yet for the explanation of golden statues and marble shrines.

The cities as they were freed one by one were enlisted in the great undertaking, sending to the grand fleet their quota of triremes, one or many, and entering into a covenant to maintain it. For Persia would never acquiesce in the loss of these cities, her richest possessions and her natural outlets to the sea, and then, as always, eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. If there was difficulty in agreeing on this quota, we get no word of it. The presence of danger emphasized the sense of common interest and Aristides who was charged with these delicate negotiations was just. The Greek cities of the Ægean emerged from the long struggle free and federated for common defense—for that and that only—for each was jealous of its

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liberty and brooked no interference with its own affairs.

Against such interference due precautions have been taken. The treasure of the League was to be in Delos, a tiny island sacred to all, where it would be under the protection of a god of recognized impartiality. With the additional safeguard of an equal vote even for the tiniest states, harmony seemed assured .

But there is trouble none the less and the subject of most frequent conversation among the groups in the painted stoa or the market place is the threatened disruption of the League and the ingratitude of its members. Matters have taken quite an unexpected course. Some of the cities have found it very burdensome to supply their quota, not because it was disproportionate, but because they lacked facilities for this sort of shipbuilding. Naval science was advancing and was always demanding something new. The building of up-to-date triremes was an art in itself. It required yards and appliances and experts all its own. Athens had them and they did not. So they had begun one by one to sublet their contract to the great leader. They saved money but did not stop to think that the ships thus furnished became Athenian ships and that they had unconsciously become tributaries to the head of the League and had placed themselves in her power.

Still, that power was not used against them

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and there was no encroachment upon their local liberties. The annual payment, too, remained as originally fixed by the tributary's own initiative. The purpose of the League, also, was perfectly accomplished. No enemy dared challenge the foremost naval power in the world and peace has remained unbroken. The real trouble is that the arrangement has worked too easily and too well. The enemy is too effectually cowed and the grand fleet is, or seems to be, unnecessary.

The Athenians themselves have been the first to realize this and have found in it the possibility of advantage to themselves. Viewing the situation broadly, they have not unnaturally reached the conclusion that the spirit of their contract calls, not so much for the maintenance of triremes as for the maintenance of peace. If fewer triremes, but more efficient and better handled can accomplish the purpose, why waste money on more? And if the tributaries are getting the security they bargained for and at the price they voluntarily agreed to pay, have they ground of complaint?

Conscious that this plausible reasoning may not be convincing to all, the Athenians have taken the precaution to secure the custody of the treasure. Delos offers the protection of a powerful divinity, but no triremes, while Athens offers both. Even the most devout believer in divine protection would feel safer if the god had triremes at his disposal. A pirate threat against the little island sanctuary

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convinces the most hesitant, and the treasure is committed to the custody of Athena and her ancient temple. This is the more reasonable since the money is to be spent in Athens, now almost the sole purveyor of ships to the League. And since Athens can provide the promised security with the expenditure of but a part of this tribute, she concludes that the rest is hers to spend as she likes. It is this that has paid for the golden Athena and her temple.

As was foreseen, this policy has encountered strenuous opposition from other members of the League. Why should they build temples for a rival city? What possible connection is there between this and the original purpose of the League? The danger has disappeared; why continue a needless outlay? The reminder that the danger would speedily reappear if the ships were not there makes little impression. Potential dangers seldom impress the imagination. But even if there is danger, why pay unduly for protection as confessedly they are now doing? To provide security was the spirit of our contract with Athens. Was not rather the spirit of that contract to divide equitably the cost of protection? If that cost has lessened, should Athens be the only one to profit? And most deeply felt of all, the allies are adding under their breath: "You furnish us security against Persia, but who gives us security against you?"

Such an argument can never convince either

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party. The aggrieved allies decide to withdraw and discontinue their payment, when, lo, Athens asserts her power. There is no provision for the dissolution of the League. There is continued reason for its continuance. There has been no violation of agreement, no increased exaction, no oppression. In the interest of peace and the welfare of all, the obligation must remain. Men awake to the new reality. Athens is an empire.

The advantages of such a relation are not altogether overlooked. Business interests value the security which it affords and even the man in the street in Miletus or Mytilene, when talking with a barbarian, boasts of the Athenian navy and the power of the League. But life in these cities is sadly self-centered, and liberty has oftener been leagued with meanness than with generosity. The common attitude toward Athens is critical and unfriendly, nor is the Athenian temper altogether considerate or conciliatory. The bonds are strained to the bursting point and the splendid creation of Cimon and Aristides is threatened with collapse.

This danger, we are told, is clearly perceived by the great leader of the day whose name is on everybody's lips. His policy is directed constantly toward the preservation and consolidation of this unity, though by means which at times transcend the comprehension of his supporters.

The problem is a double one. There is first of all the problem of Athens herself. The city is old

and yet new, for despite the antiquity of the settlement, the political unity is the result of a comparatively recent consolidation which is by no means complete. Centrifugal forces are strong. The recent growth of the city has brought a huge influx of foreigners whose assimilation has scarcely begun. There is danger that the assimilation may be the other way, that Athenian ideals may be exchanged for inferior substitutes or lost in the demoralizing transition.

There are those who think the need of the hour is for another Pisistratus who with heavy hand shall repress disorder, enforce wholesome laws, and silence the voice of sedition. Pericles has no faith in such a policy. A Pisistratus may create material prosperity and even the externals of culture, but he creates no permanent custodian for these gains. His successor forsakes his policy and all is lost. How shall we provide for the succession, for the permanent custody of social gains? The answer of Pericles is not doubtful. There is but one possible custodian that has any chance of perpetuity—the people themselves. The individual dies, but the people continue. The individual guards the interests of others, the people guard their own. Offset against their abysmal incompetency are these great advantages which, Pericles believes, must in the end outweigh all others. The task, then, is to prepare a people for the custody of its own interests. Pericles is under no illusion as to their

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present competency nor does he mistake the universal irksomeness of the restraints of civilization for that ultimate freedom of action which only these restraints can create. His hand can be as heavy as that of Pisistratus but quite differently do men feel its weight. Instead of the hush that was so noticeable in Athens in the time of the great despot, political babble is now quite unrestrained. Wild theorizing, bitter criticism, and even personal abuse are quite the order of the day. Town gossip tells of an enemy who followed Pericles home one night, pouring out upon him at every step his torrent of abuse, to all of which Pericles made no reply, but on reaching his house, sent his servant to escort the detractor home with his lantern. A critic with like sentiments would have shown toward Pisistratus only obsequious deference.

Pericles wisely began by limiting the scope of his experiment. He would do well if he succeeded with the Athenians. He could not hope to succeed with more. The line was drawn sharply between the true Athenians and the newcomers whose spiritual allegiance was untrustworthy. Even the door of marriage was closed against the insidious outside influence. An Athenian might choose his mate from another city, but if he did, his children would not vote in town meeting. The influence of the mother was too well recognized to be ignored.

The citizens thus chosen were to be educated by the fullest participation in public affairs. The town

meeting they not only might attend but must attend. Picturesque are the measures employed to enforce attendance. The rope that, smeared with red paint, is run hurriedly round the market place corraling those who linger there to the neglect of public duty, sends men hurrying to the meeting lest the trace of red upon their garments should subject them to the fine imposed on such delinquents. Debate is free, and if the eloquence of the mighty Pericles, who never fawns or flatters but strides upon the Bema like a god, usually decides the vote, his is the power of argument and reason and never that of fear or force.

Not alone the debates of the town meeting, but the routine of public affairs is used for the education of citizens. All available citizens are enrolled as judges and schooled in these important functions. Bureaucracy is as carefully avoided as autocracy. Efficiency suffers somewhat. At times there is loud complaint and even denunciation of the whole system. Heavy is the price that Athens is paying. Will she get that for which she pays? Not unless she better learns the art of guarding the public interest. Not necessarily, says Pericles, even then.

The public interest must be worth guarding, must be something more than the mere sum of individual interests, something greater, higher, more appealing. No state ever came into being as a mere league for the furtherance of individual aims. No

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such league can ever overcome the centrifugal force of competing individual interests. What is needed is a common interest greater than any interest of our own, an interest to which we are willing if necessary to sacrifice our own.

Steadily, amid all the din of conflict, and the confusion of voices, this object has been kept in view. The Athenian must have something to be proud of, something to love, to sacrifice for, to die for. It must be something that will appeal, not to one nature, but to many, something material and something spiritual, something to inspire the soul. To the strong-willed it must give the sense of power and to the sensitive and refined the inspiration of beauty. Hence the glory of the new temple and the splendor of the golden statue. To this end the new gateway and the countless embellishments which the art rivalry of the Athenians has lavished upon the city. To this end, too, the tightened grip upon the Delian allies with its appeal to the masterful and its immense possibilities of effective co-operation. And there is the appeal to hard-headed practicality in the new Agora, the new quays of the Piræus, and other public facilities for manufacture and trade, while philosophy and poetry and oratory under the intelligent leadership of Pericles are associating the name of Athens indissolubly with the good, the beautiful, and the true.

It is all very well for Athens, but how about the allies, the tributaries, who pay the bill? The ob-

jector does not fail to note the sharp antithesis. Nor is Pericles unconscious of the fact that the community of interest which drew them together and which with its ever widening possibilities justifies their permanent union is obscured for the time by the sense of opposed interests and practical injustice. Yet he perceives that despite this superficial antithesis the interests are fundamentally at harmony. The problem of the empire is in essence the same as the problem of Athens. Men must be made conscious of the common interest. The common interest must be emphasized both in seeming and in fact. There must be more that belongs to all and less that belongs to each. And the common good must be more apparent, more conspicuous, more appealing to mind and sense. It is the problem of Athens over again, but on a larger scale and under more difficult conditions.

The wisdom of Pericles is in nothing so apparent as in his stern limitation of the field. No attempt is made to unite all the Greeks. Not all the allies that were present at Salamis are embraced in the proposed union. The industrial and commercial cities of the Aegean have common aims, common pursuits, and common habits of thought. They were capable, therefore, of common sympathies and a common ideal. Not so the Spartan military camp with its veto on democracy and its taboo on artisanship and trade. All the currents of Spartan life run counter to the great project. There are those

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who deprecate the exclusion of Sparta and point out the danger of incurring her hostility. Pericles replies that that hostility inheres in the life and the innermost ideals of the two peoples and that it is more dangerous inside the union than without. It is folly to talk of team work between those that are going opposite ways. The hostility of Sparta may wreck the undertaking. Her participation would stifle it in its beginning.

Not less sagacious is his frank acceptance of coercion as a necessary means to his ends. There are sentimentalists in Athens who deprecate all use of force and charge him with inconsistency. They plead for unqualified self-determination. Pericles is foremost among those who insist that there is no safety save in the will of the people, but he distinguishes between a childish wilfulness and a will matured and enlightened by experience. Men must be the defenders of their supreme good, but they will not defend it until they know it. That knowledge comes to the few through the vision of the seer, to the many only through enforced experience. Union is a benefit to all, but the man in the street cannot see it in advance. He must be made to experience it. The compact is on probation until he ratifies it and is invalid if that ultimate ratification is refused. But if that ratification is demanded in advance of the unimaginative and the self-centered, we shall wait forever. So when Lesbos decides to secede, Pericles says, wait.

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But Pericles is no Pisistratus. None knows better than he that espionage and armed guards and smothered enmities cannot give stability to a civilization. If the empire is to learn loyalty to Athens it must learn to love Athens as its common possession and its glory. The policy of Pericles is directed unceasingly to that end. The triremes may lie at the Piræus, but they exist for the protection of every harbor in the empire and of every ship that flies its flag. The splendors of the Hill of Athena are not for Athens alone. The great temple is a shrine for all who share the protection of the goddess. The brilliant intellectual life of the capital is open on even terms to the men of every city. In fine, the power, the splendor, and the culture of Athens exist for all and not for Athens alone. Such is the daring conception that Pericles is endeavoring to realize in fact. If realized, will there not come a time when Lesbians and Milesians will talk of "our Athens" and become the champions of her beneficent leadership?

It is a daring and magnificent dream, a dream so utterly new. Men have so long followed their leaders from dull, gregarious instinct or cowed by the threat of punishment for ends but secondarily their own and with little vision and less possibility of enduring good. Is it possible that they can conceive an intelligent purpose and rally to a principle and effect a progressive betterment of their lot?



HEAD OF A WOMAN

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CHAPTER VII

The empire is dissolved; Pericles is dead; the great dream is not to come true.

Such is the somber message that meets us as we near the city after an absence of a brief generation. Everything has gone wrong. Athens has been wrecked by the hostility of Sparta and by the folly of her own citizens. The disaster is complete, we are gloomily told, and the details of the long story are too distressing to dwell upon. As was foreseen, Sparta was bitterly hostile to the new combination, not only as menacing her supremacy, but as embodying a principle which she regarded as inimical to all social order. She has rallied to her standard the disaffected and jealous for the decisive struggle. Pericles was not loath to accept the challenge. The struggle was inevitable and Athens was prepared. The chances seemed more favorable than they were likely to be again. But most potent of all considerations, nothing would do so much to consolidate the union and create the sense of common interest as struggle against a common danger.

It had all gone as foreseen for a time. The defenses of the empire proved to be impregnable. The mastery of the sea put the enemy at a hope-

less disadvantage. The victory had seemed complete when a new ally, the plague, had taken sides against Athens, decimating her citizens and claiming Pericles as a victim. It was a staggering blow, but still the city was triumphant and her people confident.

Too confident. The young democracy had risked everything on a daring scheme of expansion at a moment when the empire was sore beset and its unwilling members were straining at the leash. The venture had failed and left the empire wounded to the death. Still the struggle continued with a desperation worthy of the stake, but with the inevitable outcome of defeat. The triremes that guarded the Hellespont or convoyed from the distant Euxine the grain ships which brought food to the artisans of Athens had been destroyed or captured in the distant Hellespont, and the starving city had been stormed by its implacable foes. Then the long walls had been wholly broken down and for a time even the cherished institutions of the city had been suppressed. The town meeting had been abolished, the citizen training discontinued, and the management of city affairs committed to thirty chosen men who were regarded as conservative and safe—and incidentally as loyal to Sparta. Sparta had meant it all very well, or thought she did. She had given to her fallen adversary that which she had found good for herself, somewhat after the manner of the golden rule. Accustomed as a mili-

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tary state to see the few command and the many obey, she saw in the wrangling of the town meeting only confusion and demoralization. It was with something of a sense of magnanimity—not unmingled with a legitimate regard for her own interests—that she had sought to confer upon her fallen foe the boon of her own superior organization.

But the fallen foe would have none of it. For a brief period, to be sure, the humiliation had been endured. Under the coercion of Spartan hoplites the Athenians had pulled down their long walls and the city stood open and defenseless as the Spartans had wished it to remain after the destruction of Xerxes. The Thirty had been installed and Athens sullenly resumed the humdrum tasks of living. But revolt was in the air and the Thirty had sought in vain to repress it with Spartan severity. Repression was difficult where a whole city was in complicity, and the career of the Thirty had been short. They had been expelled by an uprising of irreconcilables and the long walls had been restored as hurriedly as after Salamis to the discomfiture of Sparta whose proverbial slowness had given the Athenians the desired opportunity. Unwilling to risk the dangers and the expense of another war and disgusted with a people who insisted upon returning to the folly of democracy, Sparta had not interfered and Athens was herself again.

Herself, yet not as of old. There are new triremes in the Piræus and the merchant craft again

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throng the harbor. Artisans are again busy at their crafts and merchants at their trade. There is traffic again in the Agora and discussion in the town meeting. Again, too, and even more than before, there is thoughtful converse in the painted porch and in the shady recesses of the great gateway and the temple.

But there is no golden hoard stored in the old temple now, nor are the islands and the Ionian cities sending tribute. There are men of broken fortune whom we recall as merchant princes and upstarts who sit in high places. We notice, too, that the great gateway has never been completed or the obstructing shrine removed, and though the old priest is dead and no one seems inclined to renew his interdict, there is no move to take advantage of the opportunity. That other temple, too, that the architects had planned to enclose the unsightly minor shrines which it was not permissible to remove nor yet possible to reconcile with the plans of the great transformer, there it stands, most exquisite of all man's offerings to the gods, but clipped short and out of symmetry as if interrupted in building and terminated with awkward abruptness. Everywhere we read the same lesson. The vast plan has suffered interruption. The great days are over. Athens is no longer imperial.

In many ways the change is visibly for the worse. The man in the street is less conscious of high destiny and weighty responsibility. The bread winner

is more groveling, the pursuit of gain more sordid, than when men were conscious of ulterior and nobler ends. The deliberations of the town meeting, too, have lost in dignity and interest. The matters considered are more local and petty and they are handled in a pettier spirit. Above all the commanding influence of Pericles, so potent to exalt the minds of the Athenians and clarify their vision, is sorely missed.

But we are not long in discovering that there is another Athens which has found in this loss of empire, not debasement but deliverance. We encounter it in the Stoa as we pause to listen to a group in earnest discussion. What is it all about? The war with Sparta? The conquest of Syracuse? The restoration of the Delian League? None of these, nor yet things of their kind. That imperial horizon to which Pericles had accustomed them no longer stops at the confines of the Aegean, but reaches to the utmost bounds of thought. They are discussing the origin of things, the laws that govern the universe, the principles of human conduct, and the rules of right reasoning. We are astonished at the absence of the familiar folk lore explanations so dear to popular thought. Not in the doings of gods and giants do these men find the answer to the riddle of the universe but in the constant action of primordial principles for which the gods of popular imagination are but childish symbols.

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But we wander farther and follow the crowd to the sanctuary of Dionysus on the slope of the Acropolis. We remember that in the days after Salamis we sat with the eager crowd in the great hollow of the hill and listened to a dramatized story of the battle by one who had had his part in it, as had many of those who listened. The stirring narrative had quickened their memories and brought back their fighting spirit. Men but lived again in the drama the heroic moments of their lives. What battle or triumph will today's drama recall?

Amazing to relate, we witness upon the stage nothing that ever happened, nobody that ever lived. Here are invented characters, invented happenings, which permit the play of the writer's thought untrammelled by realities. It is of a piece with what we heard in the Stoa. The human mind has slipped the leash and ranges free over the vast realm of human thought. Not even in the days when her power was greatest had Athens known this freedom.

If we turn to the achievements of her artists the same spirit is manifest. The statues of the gods are no longer dread talismans charged with occult powers but mere themes for the exercise of the sculptor's creative imagination. Their sensitive countenances reflect the finer sensibilities of the age. Their dreamy, far-away expression suggests the interest of the time in broad generalization and speculative thought. The individual and the acci-

dental is duly subordinated to the general and the significant. Above all, the technique of the sculptor's art has been carried to a refinement which sets a standard for all time.

The painter is no whit behind the sculptor in the development of his more fragile art. Indeed his seems to be the more popular and familiar art, so much so that even Socrates, the sculptor turned philosopher, finds it expedient to use painting rather than sculpture to illustrate his discussion of the principles of art. Little resemblance is there between the severely outlined figures of Polygnotus in the simpler Marathon days, and the dreamy, suggestive landscapes of the modern mystics of the brush to whom nature reveals herself in infinite poetry.

We cannot stop to make our inventory complete, to note the passion for music and its recent development, and the enthusiasm for poetry which brings a group of listeners for every poem that is recited from temple steps and sees in an ode appropriate honor even for the successful pugilist or the winner of a race. The minor arts, too, the craft of the weaver and the joiner and the smith, claim an attention which it is impossible to give and an admiration which it is impossible to withhold.

There is another thing which in the lengthening perspective of Athenian culture seems more impressive and more remarkable. There are strange theories of humanity and human right which are

acquiring noteworthy acceptance under the influence of the philosophers. The harsh customs of the time are challenged and even the right of men to hold slaves is called in question. While practical men give little countenance to these extreme views which seem subversive of the very foundations of society, it is undeniable that such views are gaining in influence. The attitude of the Athenians is becoming apologetic (sentimental, the Spartans call it) toward slavery, and laws are passed to mitigate its hardships. The potent influence of Delphi is enlisted in behalf of the new humanity and her temple walls are being covered with records of manumission.

It is true that in the blind fury of war, and especially at moments when the very existence of Athens was at stake, these new sentiments had been forgotten and men had adopted the brutal code that all men recognized about them. The awful struggle that had so recently terminated had its black record of ferocity which few were willing to recall. But even in this record there was one shining page, the story of humanity to the Lesbians who, revolting in Athens' darkest hour, had been subdued and the town meeting, blind with wrath and fear, had been called upon to determine their fate. For a moment they had voted the penalty that the world had always meted out to traitors, death to all males who had borne arms. But that conscience that doth make cowards of us all had kept them

awake and they had met again next day to reargue the case and rescind their unhappy vote. Then the apostles of the new humanity had rushed the fastest ship in the Piræus with picked rowers across the narrow Ægean and with spent breath had overhauled the reluctant craft that twenty-four hours earlier had started with the fatal message. Athens has something to be proud of besides her temples and her golden goddess.

To be sure, not all approve of this new Athens of the spirit. The Spartans, of course, and others of their kind make light of these accomplishments and are proud to be known as made of sterner stuff. The former allies, too, have not forgotten the old grievance and are grudging in the admiration which after all they cannot altogether withhold. Most significant of all, however, is the criticism of Athenians themselves, men of the old régime who see in the new humanity a weakening of manly fiber and in the new preoccupations a futile dissipation of energy. To what end this speculation about the origin of things and this inquiry into ultimate principles? What avails this liberty which makes men restive of restraint and refractory to discipline? What profits this aesthetic appreciation of gods whom men no longer reverence and fear? Was it philosophers and poets that drove back the Persian at Marathon and formed the Delian League? Our visit to the Theater on a later day acquaints us with these criticisms as the prince of scoffers holds

up to scorn the foibles of the new age. His satire has no lack of material. The age has the defects of its qualities. There is abundance of vagary and license and captiousness and pose. If the mind has been set free, incontinent passion has slipped out of the opened door. Socrates may disavow Alcibiades, but he cannot dissociate himself in the minds of the Athenians from the misdeeds of the scapegrace disciple. No defense will clear him of the charge of being a corrupter of the youth. It is with a great price that we purchase this freedom of the spirit, and Athens is paying the price.

But despite all criticisms and all misgivings, the spell of this Athens of the spirit is irresistible. Sparta may fear and the allies may chafe and Aristophanes may ridicule, but they that come to scoff remain to pray. Aristophanes may regret the new freedom with its wantonness and irreverence, but he invokes its privileges when he introduces a god as a clown on his stage. The merchants of Samos and Miletus may be jealous of the powerful competitor and may seek to limit and circumvent her commerce. But they send to Athens for the statue in their new temple and make it their boast before less fortunate neighbors. Their wives aspire to robes and jewels made in Athens, the standard of taste, and their sons are sent to Athens to sit at the feet of her philosophers and learn of them the lesson of the good, the beautiful and the true. No longer an object of fear, Athens is becoming an

object of envy and of admiration. Slowly the Delian fellowship is producing its belated reaction. They belonged to Athens so long that Athens is beginning to belong to them. Theirs is this Parthenon to which they contributed with their tribute.

Theirs are the glories of the virgin-born goddess and of all this which is her creation. The homage which was refused before is rendered unconsciously now in this recognition of her higher leadership. Athens has her empire still.

But it is an uneasy empire and one whose permanence seems far from assured. There is a turbulence about this emancipated people that augurs ill for the stability of their empire. Athens is a city of contrasts in which the moral grandeur of her philosophers is offset by the baseness of her profligates, and the daring thought of the enlightened has its counterpart in timid conservatism and purblind selfishness. No wonder that Plato emphasizes as the conditions of the perfect state a selected citizenry and education in citizenship. Had not Pericles before him persuaded the Athenians to limit the suffrage to those born in Athens and sought to educate those thus preferred by the broadest possible participation in the tasks and privileges of government? Both knew Athens and knew that her chief danger lay in the ignorance and selfishness of her people. The policy of the one had anticipated, in the limited measure of the possible, the ideal of the other. But neither selection nor education have

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yet provided the conditions of the perfect state. Will the new forces prevail and the new empire endure, or will it collapse like the other?

Athens seems to have chosen the baser part. Socrates has been convicted of corrupting the youth and, half disdaining to defend himself, is awaiting the fate which can be deferred only till the sacred ship returns from Delos. It is early morning when the faithful disciple awakens him from his sleep with the news that the ship has been seen off Sunion and is soon to arrive. But Crito brings other and better news, for the jailor has been bribed and all preparations have been made for his escape from an unmerited fate. The quixotic virtue of Socrates is the only obstacle that remains to be overcome.

"I adjure you, Socrates, to remember the plight of your friends who will not only suffer grief and irreparable loss by your death, but will be disgraced in the eyes of all men. For all know that money could have saved you and none will believe that you refused to be saved, but will rather judge that it is through niggardliness and cowardice on our part that you have gone to your death. I beseech you also to remember your sons whom your death will deprive of your protection and training which is a son's due and a father's duty. Think, too, of the good you might accomplish in Thebes or Megara or Thessaly where friends are waiting to welcome you. Do not hesitate lest you get us into trouble, for what is that to us compared with the

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trouble of your death? Above all do not heed your former scruple about obedience to the laws in a case where the law has belied its nature and become the agent of injustice."

Socrates recalls the disciple from the painful circumstances of the moment to the eternal verities.

"For us, I think, the only question is, whether it would be right for us to pay money to these men to take me away—right in you to take me and right in me to let myself be taken. Suppose we meant to run away and the laws of the state were to come and stand over us and ask me: 'Tell us, Socrates, what is it you mean to do? To overthrow the laws and the whole commonwealth, so far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a city can stand and not be overthrown when the decisions of the judges have no power, when they are made of no effect and destroyed by private persons?'

"Are we to answer: 'Oh, but the state has wronged us and the decision that it gave was unjust?' And what if the laws reply: 'Was not this the agreement between us and you, that you swore to abide by the decisions the city gave? Have we not given you life? Is it not through us that your father took your mother to wife and begat you? Did we not do right when we bade your father bring you up to exercise your body and cultivate your mind? And now that you have been born and brought up and educated, can you say that you are not ours—our child and our servant—you and your descendants?'

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Is this your wisdom not to know that above father and mother and forefathers stands our country, dearer and holier than they, more sacred and held in more honor by God and men of understanding? That you ought to reverence her and submit to her, suffer what she bids you suffer and hold your peace?

“We begat you, we brought you up, we taught you, we gave you of our fairest and our best, and still we offer full liberty to any Athenian who likes, after he has seen and tested us and all that is done in our city, to take his goods and leave us, if we do not please him, and go wherever he would. Only if he stays with us after he has seen how we judge our cases and how we rule our city, then we hold that he has pledged himself to do our bidding.

“You have been satisfied with us and with our city. You never once stayed in any other country as other men have done. You never had a wish to see another city or other laws. Your pledge was not made in haste. You had seventy years in which you might have gone away if you had not been pleased with us. Even during your trial you could have chosen exile if you had wished and that with the city’s consent, but you preferred death to exile.’

“Ah, but you must live, you say, for your children’s sake, to bring them up and educate them. You will take them with you to Thessaly? No? Your friends will care for them here? So your

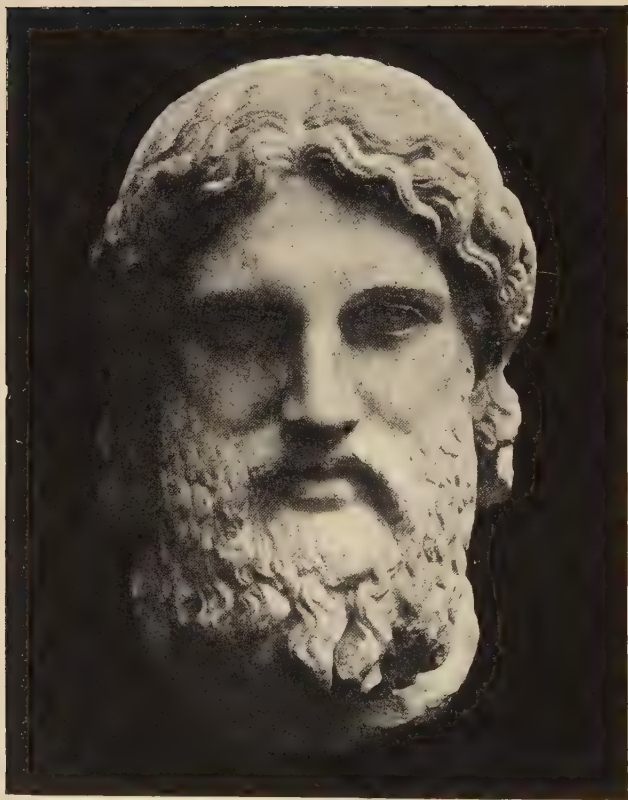
friends will care for them if you go to Thessaly, but not if you go to Death.

“No, Socrates, do not set your children or your life or anything else above righteousness, and so when you go to Death have to defend yourself for this before those who govern there. As it is, if you go, you will go wronged—wronged by men though not by us—but if you went in that disgraceful way, breaking your pledge and covenant with us, doing harm to those whom you least of all should harm, to yourself and your dear ones, and your country and us, your country’s laws, then we shall bear you anger while you live and in that other land, our brothers, the laws of Death, will not receive you graciously, for they will know you went about to destroy us.

“Crito, my dear Crito, that, believe me, is what I seem to hear, as the Corybants hear flutes in the air, and the sound of those words rings and echoes in my ears and I can listen to nothing else. If you have aught to say, say on.”

“No. Socrates, I have nothing I can say.”

“Then let us leave it so, Crito, and let things take their course, for this is the way that God has pointed out.”



HEAD OF ZEUS (AFTER PHIDIAS)

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE LIBRARY

CHAPTER VIII

It was a restless and troubled city that Socrates left behind him, a city that stoned its prophets and killed them that were sent unto her, a city unconscious and seemingly unworthy of the high destiny that the gods had decreed. For Athena sprang from the head of Zeus, and she had willed that the mind of man should find in her city a sanctuary. Elsewhere thought was timid and innovation taboo. The guesses of the child were imposed with dread sanctions upon the mind of the man and folk lore had arrogated to itself the authority of divine revelation.

Not so should it be in the city of Athens. Here the curtain was to be boldly drawn aside and each might behold the mysteries after the measure of his vision. The most daring speculation was to be welcomed, the most startling experiment might be tried. Here nothing was to be sacred except the truth, nothing revered except the beautiful, nothing established except the good. Here nothing was to acquire finality. All was to be open to inspection. Revision was to be perpetual. Thought and innovation that elsewhere cowered like a hunted thing, in Athens should be free.

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Such had been the dream of Pericles, and such, in a measure never yet surpassed, had been the policy which his influence had caused to prevail. Never at any period of human history had freedom of thought been achieved in anything like the same measure. Never had superstition been so completely overcome and reason and inquiry so freed from their trammels. Undoubtedly the future will bring more knowledge, will furnish more material on which the human mind can employ its powers. But whether its powers will be greater or its action freer is not so clear. It will be long before names are written higher upon the scroll than those that first came at the call of the goddess.

That a city called to a destiny so unique should respond with uncertain voice and accept the difficult rôle with misgivings is not strange. The marvel is not that the Athenians had stoned their prophet, but that they had listened to him for seventy years, more marvelous still that he was the last they stoned. Possibly his fate had itself produced the necessary reaction. Certain it is that his successors for five hundred years have enjoyed in Athens the privilege of sanctuary.

Political supremacy has not returned to Athens in this half millennium and all hope of its return has been abandoned. Efforts to renew the Delian League, though aided by a tardy recognition of its benefits, have had but partial and brief success. Slowly the city has accustomed itself to its modest

rôle in politics and commerce and has sought distinction and empire in the field so clearly marked out. Her leadership here has long passed unquestioned and brought increasing homage.

Epoch-making has been the advent of that fiery conqueror whose barbarian energy the Athenian Aristotle had made servant to Athena. When had such a pupil such a teacher, or such a teacher such a pupil? The teacher had given as his last injunction when the pupil left on his career of conquest: "Remember, Alexander, whatever you do, never forget the difference between a Greek and a barbarian." Alexander was farthest from forgetting this greatest of all human differences when he replied: "Nay, I will make the world Greek." The flower that had blossomed in the protecting sanctuary of Athena was to be transplanted into the broad field of the world, there to cast its seed and spread its blossoms from the Atlantic to the Pacific, not without diminished fragrance, but the flower of Athena still.

The amazing career of Alexander followed later by the slower and more thorough growth of Roman power has transformed the world. Greek engineers have planned new trade routes and built new cities and guided commerce into new channels. The world no longer stretches from Italy to Ionia, but from Gibraltar to India. And in all this vast area there is not a city that has not heard of Hellas and the goddess of the temple on the hill. Her language

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is spoken at the mouth of the Rhone and at the mouth of the Nile, on the slopes of the Caucasus and at the Pillars of Hercules. Her sculptors are busy in Cyrene and Rome and are called to decorate the shrine of Buddha on the banks of the Ganges. The Alexandrian Hebrew philosopher is giving to the world his synthesis of Plato and Isaiah. There is not a phase of this world civilization, not a branch of its high endeavor that does not reveal its Athenian origin. The world has become Greek.

In all this transformation the little city itself has been somewhat superseded. In the new world mapped out by Alexander and his engineers Athens is no longer the center, as she had been during her millennium in the little Aegean. Rhodes has distanced her, Alexandria quite overshadowed her. Ephesus and Halicarnassus and Pergamon have built temples in emulation of the Parthenon, but even in so doing they acknowledge her supremacy. It is to Athens that they turn for the architects and sculptors needed for their work. Phidias has his work in the temple of Ephesian Artemis and Scopas his part in the temple sculptures. It is Scopas and Timotheus and Leochares that are called from Athens to build the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, and Leochares is summoned by Alexander to depict in gold and ivory the members of his dynasty. Nor can the king of Pergamon think of anything better to express the purpose and spirit

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of the great library which he has built than a copy of Phidias' Athena.

But homage is not expressed alone in rivalry and imitation. As we climb the familiar path and pass the great gateway we pass a series of votive offerings from the king of Pergamon who, in these figures of conquered Amazons and dying giants stricken by the lightning of the gods, has sought to commemorate his own victories in the war for the advance of Hellenism. It is a far-flung battle line now on which her votaries do battle, but their victories are the victories of Athena.

There are other votive offerings, statues, shrines, and other memorials, the gifts of kings and states and private individuals who seek to do reverence at the shrine of the world. They occupy every point of vantage in the limited area of the sanctuary. Even the great Alexander has left his reminder in the shape of a row of golden shields which adorn the temple front. These objects engage our attention and command our admiration hardly less than the great monuments, the Parthenon with its golden goddess, the Erechtheum with its wonderful maidens and the Propylea, glorious in spite of the interruption of its plan, now alas, never to be realized. The great sanctuary with its wealth of beauty and of meaning is a marvelous testimonial to that culture which Athens has conferred upon the world.

But there are other changes. The unsightly old temple has disappeared and the priest of Brauronian

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Artemis no longer finds votaries to pay him for his incantations. Indeed, now that we recall it, the votary is little in evidence in temples old or new. Men come to admire but not to pray. We very soon discover that in this later Athens the status of the gods has radically changed. That larger synthesis of Socrates and Plato in which the divinities were lost in Divinity has now become a commonplace of Athenian intelligence. Athena herself who sprang from the head of Zeus is but an expressive childish symbol of spiritual as contrasted with material power. The gods and goddesses have had their use, as witness the glory of our great shrine and the splendor of that civilization which it symbolizes. But intelligent Athens no longer takes seriously the notion of their actual existence, still less the fairy tales of their exploits, their magic powers, their miracles and incarnations. In a measure never equaled before or elsewhere Athens has cast off superstition. She has turned from the marvels of miracle and myth to the greater marvels of nature and reality.

In this atmosphere of intellectual freedom, science, philosophy, and the arts have flourished beyond precedent. Galen has written his treatise on medicine which is to be unsurpassed for two thousand years. Architecture has developed subtleties of engineering skill which will baffle all future ages. Philosophy, poetry, dialectics, and oratory have not only attained the highest excellence but

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have been reduced to an exact science. Athens is little else than a vast university where gather the inquiring minds of all nations to seek wisdom at its fountain head. It is here that Cicero and Horace and Virgil have learned their art and modeled their masterpieces upon Athenian examples.

But Athens is more than a repository of past knowledge. It is the headquarters of inquiry and research. Cities like individuals tend to become overconscious of their own achievements and unresponsive to suggestions of innovation. Surely Athens, if anybody, has a right to view herself with complacency and to see in her attainments something approaching finality. How easily the perfect art of Praxiteles might have been fossilized into a dogma instead of submitting to the innovations of Scopas! Equally in science and letters there was the basis for a complacent and paralyzing tradition.

But art has remained plastic and the spirit of inquiry is unabated in Athens. No hypothesis is too novel to be examined, no apostle too unprepossessing to get a hearing in this open forum of the world. Intellectual hospitality is a cult in Athens and you need not fear to tell your inmost thought. In Rome you must be circumspect, but no Cæsar will silence you here. Nor will prevailing views assert their prescriptive right of orthodoxy against the most daring dissent. Athens is open-minded, whatever her faults. Indeed there are those who count this among her faults. With those who are

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consumed by a passionate desire for the triumph of a cause, dispassionateness easily passes for indifference, to which indeed it is near akin.

We regretfully recognize that this charge holds somewhat against this Athens of the later day. Her empire has passed, her trade has dwindled, and she is shorn of those great responsibilities which keep men practical in their thinking and stimulate their moral sense. There is little encouragement to find real solutions for human problems when we are not privileged to apply the results of our thinking. Thought becomes speculative and detaches itself from reality. Human sympathies wither and we learn to care nothing where we are able to do nothing. Along with her magnificent intellectual emancipation there is an unmistakable note of decadence, an atrophy of moral earnestness in this Athens of Roman patronage and retrospective vision. In the interest of that fairness which Athens exemplified it must be admitted that the world needs something more than intellectual emancipation. Passionate devotion to a cause is as needful as intellectual disinterestedness. The game needs players as well as umpire, and it is not the umpire that makes the score.

But there is a place for the umpire, too, and it is not in vain that Athens has assumed her peculiar rôle. Her task is not always an inspiring one, this sifting the grain of wheat out of the bushel of chaff. Her philosophers are compelled to listen

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gravely to much arrant nonsense in the discharge of their traditional function, not a little to the disgust of the ardent spirits who find them the poorest of allies in the championship of their chosen cause.

A stranger has appeared in the market place, evidently in quest of a hearing. He is a Jew, not the first of his race to come on missions of trade or intrigue from Rhodes or Antioch, or from cosmopolitan Alexandria where his race outnumbers all others and sits in the seats of the mighty. In Athens, too, the unloved race is at home and a force to be reckoned with in industry and trade.

But this Jew is not talking of trade. His rather mystifying utterances attract but momentary attention from the traders and customers who pause for a moment and go about their business. But there are others there who have no business, idlers, the others call them, who are out on various quests of amusement or adventure. There are strolling students come from distant cities to study with the rhetoricians of Athens. There are dilettantes from the leisure class conscious of their accomplishments and in search of intellectual encounter. There are graver spirits, too, not far away, gathered for learned converse or for the instruction of their pupils. Within a stone's throw can be found representatives of the Athenian spirit in every shade from flippancy to grave seriousness. To gather an audience from such elements is a matter of minutes, and the little open theatre on the slope of the

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Areopagus a few rods away is a convenient meeting-place.

Nevertheless for a time the stranger does not attract serious attention. Strangers are no novelty in Athens and there is little to distinguish this one from others. His conversation is mostly with men of his own race whose synagogues he frequents, and seemingly has to do with their peculiar faith, a faith familiar to Athenians and long ago classified with others of its kind. Beyond this philosophic recognition of the Jewish system, no relation seems possible between the two, largely because of the exclusiveness of the Jew and his lack of the open-mindedness which characterizes the Athenian. His god is still anthropomorphic and tribal in his sympathies. Miracles and wonder tales make up his account of the origin of things. He is tenacious of conviction but utterly impervious to argument. Withal he is utterly alien to Greek culture. He retains his primitive fetichistic dread of images which the Greek has rescued from superstition for the higher uses of art. He is indifferent to the higher preoccupations of Athens, her interest in poetry, rhetoric, logic and the like. Myth and fact are still inextricably mingled in his story of his people and in his guess at the origin of the world. In the market place the Jew commands recognition if not regard; in the halls of philosophy neither.

Our stranger is a Jew of the Jews. In all the days of his sojourn he has scarce made the tour of

the Acropolis, and its glories have awakened but loathing and anger. He has seen neither beauty nor meaning in the birth of Athena and the sunrise upon Olympus. The great goddess in ivory and gold graven by the hand of Phidias, so marvelous in its spiritual message, is to him an idol, the emblem of a superstition that died in Athens long ago. Above all he knows nothing of the open-mindedness and intellectual hospitality which are the glory of Athens. This balancing of argument against argument in the interest of academic conclusions is to him frivolous and immoral.

But despite these limitations and others quite his own—for he lacks distinction in dress and person and speech—intellectual Athens gradually becomes conscious of his presence. His arguments in the market place, though amusing in their assumptions and their irrelevant appeals to Jewish tradition and myth, provide entertainment for the strolling students and idlers and become a subject of conversation in their gathering with their teachers. The stranger seems to hold views at variance with those of his people and the element of novelty piques their curiosity. And since inquiry is the tradition of Athens, the stranger is at last invited to put forth his views in the accustomed meeting-place.

Paul has not hitherto spoken to Athenians. He is ignorant of their history and little versed in their literature. Though argumentative in temper, he is ignorant of their logic. He is out of sympathy with

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their dominant interests and unconscious of their intellectual attitude. He has no idea of the exactness of their reasoning or of the extent to which they have outgrown that primitive credulity which accepts marvels and wonder tales on the authority of mere positive assertion. Hypotheses to be entertained must be inherently plausible. Facts must be established by appropriate proofs, adequate proofs for things credible and extraordinary proofs for things difficult of credence. He cannot, as with the Jews, start with the assumption of a chosen people and a promised Messiah, nor yet with the ordinary assumption of anthropomorphic deity and miraculous intervention. Paul has a much-needed message for the Athenians, but he is quite unprepared for a people that has outlived this familiar mental habit.

"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are very religious. (Repressed laughter among the younger element.) For as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription: 'To an unknown God.' What therefore ye worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you."

The beginning is clever, thinks a youthful dialectician, though a little forced. Paul, of course, knows that that altar is of ancient date and that the inscription recalls a time when men were afraid to pronounce the name of their divinity lest others get it and invoke him to their hurt. Hence this affecta-

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tion of ignorance. Has Paul forgotten that his own people were forbidden to pronounce the name of their divinity, and for a similar reason? But we, of course, understand that this assumption that we are worshippers at this altar is a literary convenience. Say on.

“The God that made the world and all things therein, he being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is served by men’s hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he himself giveth to all life, and breath and all things; and he made of one every nation of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, having determined their appointed seasons, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek God if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he is not far from every one of us: for in him we live and move and have our being: as certain even of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring. Being then the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and the device of man.”

True, Paul, quite true. Is it possible that you think we regard these statues as real gods, or that we think a divinity actually dwells in our temple or that our service supplies the actual needs of divinity? Can you not see in temples and statues any other use than as the abodes of indwelling divinity

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and objects of superstitious veneration? But continue.

“The times of ignorance, therefore, God overlooked, but now commandeth men that they should everywhere repent.”

Perhaps so. God has undoubtedly been tolerant of men's ignorance, though repentance—the putting away of the superstitions which you impute to us—is more nearly accomplished than you think. But what makes you think that his patience is at an end?

“Inasmuch as he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by the man whom he hath ordained.”

Do you mean that things are no longer to go on as they have done, that divine toleration is to cease, that men are to be brought to judgment, and that the present world order is to cease? Do you realize what proofs are required to give credence to such an assertion? What indications do you see that such a change is impending?

“Whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead.”

The limit of Athenian indulgence has been reached. What shall be said of a man who expects intelligent and critical minds to accept on his unsupported testimony the statement that the present world order is coming to an end and that a man once dead has returned to life? What of the logic that sees in the latter a proof of the former? The

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statements are not only incredible, but they are without logical connection. The frivolous who come for entertainment now openly mock, but the graver are more mindful of Athenian tradition. They excuse themselves with the customary thanks and an allusion to the possibility of a later hearing. But Paul waits for no later hearing. He realizes that in the court of Athens he has lost his case and he leaves the city forever.

There is so much of moral grandeur and worth associated in our minds with the name of Paul that we have difficulty in realizing the real issue of that momentous occasion. The burning zeal of the great apostle for the salvation of his fellows, his lofty morality, his self-abnegation and spiritual insight have exalted him to everlasting honor. How far the Athenians would have appreciated these qualities if they had known them we can only speculate. They are qualities with which they would perhaps have been less in sympathy than we could wish. The Athenians were not crusaders. In this age at least they knew no missionary zeal. But whatever their possible verdict, it was not upon these that they were called to pass judgment. Still less was the character of him whom Paul proclaimed in question. Would that the moral elevation of Socrates and the finer perception of a Plato might have been exercised upon such a theme. Even in these days of decadence with her moral energy spent and her leadership in practical affairs at an end, it is

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questionable whether anywhere else in the world the simple principles of the great teacher would have found a clearer intellectual recognition than here.

But of all this the Athenians heard nothing. The announcement was of a change in divine policy, a passing of the present world order, and the beginning of a new, the whole affirmed on the warrant of an alleged resurrection from the dead. What was to be the attitude of reasonable men toward this proclaimed miraculous millennium, this alleged resurrection? Times without number the thing alleged had been reported from that wonderland where lies the pathway of the child peoples, only to be discredited in turn by the child become a man. Concede the possibility if we will, but with recognition of an improbability so vast as to discredit the evidence of our own senses unless corroborated beyond the shadow of a doubt. In an age of credulity and superstition Athens stood as a sanctuary of reason where dogmatic assertion was discredited and credence conditioned upon proof. Honest proof and sound reasoning are as sacred as devotion and faith. Not in a flippant spirit, but in loyalty to a sacred tradition of which she was so long the sole custodian, did Athens demand a just recognition of reason and evidence in the world's new faith.

The name of Athens is above every name. Of the limited few who have attained to world citizen-

ship, names accommodated to every tongue and honored in every age, a good half were men of Athens. It was in Athens that men first consciously assumed responsibility for their own destiny and conspired to fashion planfully alike the citizens and the state. Here patriotism was born and men first exchanged allegiance to a ruler for allegiance to a country. It was in Athens that reason first triumphed over superstition and cruelty was first tempered by humanity. Here the image became art and escaped the bondage of fetishism to become the servant of beauty. Here as nowhere else speech became music and persuasion revealed its powers. And in Athens the divinities gave place to Divinity.

The Hill of Athena is desolate and the goddess dwells no more in her sanctuary. The temples are in ruins and the place of the philosophers is silent. The superstitions of the East that she conquered and of the West that she enlightened have swept over the sacred city like a desolating flood. But before the sacred flame was extinguished it had been kindled upon a thousand altars from which it still illumines our world.

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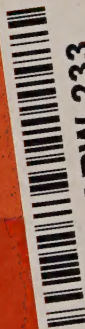
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